

What is't I don't know, unless it be the **THING**,
 For which the Beggar's equal to the King.
 But if that want of Knowledge be a Transgression,
 I'll know that too at Years of Discretion.
 Mean time if you'll excuse the Errours of this Play,
 When I'm Fourteen, it shall be more in your way.
 I can't please now, as well as Eight Tears hence.
 But if you Men of Love are Men of Sence,
 As an Old Nurse instructs a Smickering Maid,
 When she sits stroaking little **MARK** of Lad,
 My Penny'll show ye how a Shilling's made.

F I N I S.

What is't I don't know, unless it be the **THING**,
 For which the Beggar's equal to the King.
 But if that want of Knowledge be a Transgression,
 I'll know that too at Years of Discretion.
 Mean time if you'll excuse the Errours of this Play,
 When I'm Fourteen, it shall be more in your way.
 I can't please now, as well as Eight Tears hence.
 But if you Men of Love are Men of Sence,
 As an Old Nurse instructs a Smickering Maid,
 When she sits stroaking little **MARK** of Lad,
 My Penny'll show ye how a Shilling's made.

F I N I S.

BONDUCA:

O R,

The British Heroine,

A

TRAGEDY.

Acted at the

Theatre Royal.

B Y

HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.

With a New Entertainment of MUSICK,
Vocal and Instrumental

Never Printed or Acted before.

L O N D O N,

Printed for Richard Bentley, in Ruffel-Street near
Covent-Garden, 1696.

ACQUITTANCE

Received of _____

the sum of _____

for _____

t
f
i
o
i
n
e
w

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE,
The LORD
JEFFEREYS,
BARON of W E M, &c.

My Lord,

THE fairest Excuse I can find for this Pre-
sumption, is, That the Modern Publications
of Plays, are like the *Roman* Buildings, under
the Umbrage of some Household Deity, Erected over
some *Portico*, to Fence and keep all safe within. And
indeed, as Plays are but Piles of Wit, the Structure
of Ingenuity, a Noble Name in the Frontispiece,
is much the same Domestick Guardian; at least, for
my own part, I have made the most proper Choice
of such a Tutelar Power in your Lordship. For
where shou'd the Muses seek Covert and Protection,
A 2 but

The Dedication.

but there, where both *Apollo* and *Minerva* are Your Lordships Hereditaries; whilst you spring from those Veins that so entirely Entitle and Qualify You for a *Mecenas*?

And whilst *Bonduca* stands so shelterd under Your Lordships Protection, I must say, 'tis a Fabrick of Antiquity; a Foundation of that Celebrated Poetical Architect, the Famous *Fletcher*: But with several Alterations, besides the two First Acts New Writ.

But whilst I make this bold Address to Your Lordship, there are two Considerations requisite to an Epistle Dedicatory: The Present, and the Hand that makes it. For the First of these, 'tis the Off-spring of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, I lay at Your Lordships Feet; and under that Name, the very Parentage stamps that Merit upon it, as should carry its own Safety; for methinks when Great Authors revive, they should have no *Ordeal* to pass either to the Stage or the Press. Both Censure and Malice should stand Awed and Silenced there; insomuch that instead of Supplications, either to the Audience, or Readers good Humour and Smiles; on the contrarv, they should enjoy all the Benefits of the Great Dead, be past any Danger of the Criticks Purgatory, in an immediate state of Felicity: And consequently by the Canons of the Muses, as well as the Churches Rubrick, to be above the want of Prayers.

Besides, as the Present I make Your Lordship, is all our own Native Growth; the History of a *British Heroine*; it carries some more favourable Recommendation to your Lordships Acceptance: For where can our Noblest *English Memoirs* be more gracefully
or

The Dedication.

or more suitably lodged, than in the Hands of the Noblest *English Honour*? And it has this further Advantage, as being an English Story; That the Glory of Worthies and Heroes sounds sweetest, where the Musick is Tuned at Home.

But for the Unworthy Hand that makes the Present (my other Dedicatory Consideration) There even Poetry it self is at a loss for an Apology; nay the very Player almost Blushes too. 'Tis true, my Lord, Your Lordship has vouchsafed to Grace and Encourage our willing Endeavours with Extraordinary Smiles, being that Condescension and Goodness in You, that shew Your Lordship is resolved not to suffer the Gemms of your Nobleman's Coronet, to outdazle the Sparks of the Gentleman, that Shines thro' your whole Conversation.

And to tell the Truth, my Lord, You have so Exalted and wrapt us up with Your Lordships Generous Favours; that as Pride is naturally its own Trumpet; my, very Vanity alone is Argument and Encouragement sufficient to make this Publication to the whole World, of the Infinite Obligations due to Your Lordship, from,

My LORD,

Your Lordships most Humble, and

Most Obedient Servant

GEO. POWELL.

T O T H E
R E A D E R.

I Must make room for one Page more, to tell you how our Bonduca set Foot upon the Stage. The Value of the Original is not unknown to those who have read it in Fletcher: A Value that has often times been prized so high, that the whole Brotherhood of the Quill have for many Years been blamed for letting so Ingenious a Relick of the Last Age, as Bonduca, lie dormant, when so inconsiderable an Additional Touch of the Pen was wanting, to make it fit for an Honourable Reception in This.

This Consideration prompted a Friend of mine, a much abler Hand than my own, to attempt it; not that his Leisure, Attendance, or Inclinations, would permit him to make any long Toil of it. For to tell the Truth, the whole Play was revised quite through, and likewise studied up in one Fortnight.

This Undertaker, who bestow'd but Four Days Labour upon it, being above the Interest Part of an Author; and likewise a Person of that Modesty, as to affect no Plumes from Poetry, he was generously pleased to put it into my Hands to usher it into the World.

THE

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. POWEL.

WELL, Gallants of the Pit, first to be just
To the great Dead, the sleeping Fletcher's Dust,
His proud Bonduca, in this fighting Age,
That English Heroine wakes to tread our Stage,
That Bard—— But let him sleep 'till his Laurel Bed,
We've bus'ness with the Living, not the Dead.
Between us and the other Theatre
There is proclaim'd, and still maintain'd a War,
And all, but knocking out of Brains, is fair.
We're blam'd for raising in one Night, what they
In thirty tedious days can scarce display;
But that to our Advantage sure, is spoke;
So Heuller by swift Marches, gain'd his Work:
And Cut off the Provision of the Turk.
And therefore, if the Truth you would declare;
Say Gallants, to your Smiles, who bids most fair;
Our Growing Spring, or Fading Autumn there?
Besides, though our weak Merit shines less Bright,
Yet we've the Advantage, a Fairer Light,
Our Nobler Theatre's: Nay we are bringing
Machines, Scenes, Opera's, Musick, Dancing, Singing;
Translated from the Chiller, Bleaker Strand,
To your Sweet Covent-Garden's Warmer Land.
To us, Young Players, then let some Smiles fall:
Let not their dear Antiquities sweep all.
Antiquity on a Stage? Oh Eye! 'tis Idle:
Age in Good Wine is well, or in a Fiddle.
Ay then it has a little Musick there;
But in an Old, Decrepid, Wither'd Player;
It looks like a stale Maid at her last Prayer.
Yet if you think it better, we can play
Like whining Zanger, or stiff Mustapha:
Or else, Gad mend me Ruitan, you shall see;
But who can make a Figure such as he?

Therefore divide your Favours the right way,
To th' Young your Love, to th' old your Reverence pay.

Personæ

Personæ Dramatis.

M E N.

<i>Suetonius</i> , General of the Romans.	Mr. Verbruggen.
<i>Petilius</i> , a Roman Officer.	Mr. Harland.
<i>Junius</i> , another Roman Officer.	Mr. Hill.
<i>Decius</i> , a Roman Officer.	Mr. Eldred.
<i>Macer</i> , a Hungry Roman Soldier.	Mr. Mic. Lee.
<i>Caratach</i> , General of the Britains.	Mr. Powel, Jun.
<i>Venutius</i> , in Love with <i>Claudia</i> .	Mr. Horden.
<i>Hengo</i> , Nephew to <i>Bonduca</i> .	Miss. Allison.
<i>Nennius</i> , a British Officer.	Mr. Mills.
<i>Macquaire</i> , a <i>Pict</i> , in Love with <i>Claudia</i> .	Mr. Simpson.

W O M E N.

<i>Bonduca</i> , Queen of Britain.	Mrs. Knight.
<i>Claudia</i> , } Daughters to <i>Bonduca</i> .	{ Mrs. Rogers.
<i>Bonvica</i> , }	{ Miss Crofs.

Roman and British Guards and Attendants,
Druids, &c.

THE

The Tragedy

O F

BONDUCA

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Nennius and another Captain.

Nenn. **S**UETONIUS will Repent his Landing here:
Conquest hath already Enrich'd our Soyl;
Our *Brittish* Fields fatten with *Roman* slaughter:
So much stale Carrion lies in every Ditch,
That the Rank Steams rise from the rotting Heaps,
And Choak up all the Air.

Capt. They have scarce Men enough
To try the Fortune of another Battle.

Nenn. And those not worth our Conquest:
A Famin Rages in their pining Troops;
The Mighty *Roman* Spirit sickens in 'em,
And the poor starv'd Remains of all their Forces,
Can scarce Advance to make a Feeble War.

Capt. What may not our Victorious Queen expect,
That thus has shook the Daring Power of *Rome*?
Our mighty Queen! the War-like *Bonduca*,
That greatly Towers above the humble Sex,
Aspires to more than Man, and Soars to Hero.

Nenn. Our Hardy *Britains* ne're will stoop to *Rome*:
What Courage can oppose our numerous Forces,
Willst that Great Female Spirit bears against it,
And the Rough *Caratach* appears himself,
The frown'd Mark of Fate, to lead us on
To wonder at his daring?

Capt. He is indeed,
 Our Guard in Peace, and Father of the War.
 The True, Blunt, Honest *Britain's* stamp't upon him :
 His hard, Old Weather'd Trunk ; his Scarrs and Wounds,
 And all the Noble Ruins of his Body
 Show him a Soldier, Nurst, and Bred in Danger ;
 His strength, his Vigour, and Majestick look
 Seem to deny his Age, and bear him up
 To perfect Youth.

Nenn. The Hero's finish't in him.
 Oh *Caratach* !

The Everlasting Scourge to wondring *Rome*,
 Whilst thou art here, to lead us on to Conquest,
Britain will never droop ; never submit,
 Tho' *Cæsar* Raging for his present loss,
 Should start with Fury from the lazy Throne ;
 Draw all his Distant Troops to one vast Body,
 And come himself to head the Crouded War.
 But see ! the Mighty *Caratach* appears,
 And *Bonduca* with her Royal Offspring ;
 The Partners of her Blood and Spirit.

Capt. I must retire.

Nenn. He stay.

Enter Caratach, Bonduca, Claudia, Bonvica, Hengo, the Women in an Amazon Drefs.

Bond. Are these the Hero's that Inherit Conquest ?
 These hardy *Romans* ? O ye Gods of *Britain* !
 Are these the Fortune Makers ? these the *Julians*,
 That with the Sun, measure the end of Nature !
 Shame, how they Fly ! *Cæsar's* soft Soul Inspires
 Their Fainting Limbs ; their Fathers got 'em sleeping,
 In lazy Lukewarm Beds, and Pleasure Nurst 'em :
 Dare they send these, these smooth Fac'd *Roman* Boys,
 To Conquer our well temper'd Manly *Britains* ?
 Twice have they felt the Fury of our Arms ;
 A Woman Beat 'em, *Caratach*, a weak Woman,
 A Woman beat these *Romans* !

Car. So it seems !

Man wou'd blush to talk so.

Bond. What *Caratach*, d'ye grieve at my Success ?

Car. No, *Bonduca*.

'Tis at your bearing it, I grieve : Discretion
 And hardy Valour are the Twins of Honour,
 And must together make a Conqueror,
 Divided, but a Talker : 'Tis a Truth,

That

That *Rome* has fled before us twice, and Routed ;
A Noble Truth, we ought to Crown the Gods for.
But when we meanly would Insult, our Tongues
Forfeit the Honours which our Swords have won.

Nenn. Is this Insulting, is it mean to say
What Fortune and the Gods allow us ?

Car. No ;

So what we say, exceeds not what we do.
What, call the *Romans* fearful, smooth-fac'd Boys ?
Does this commend our Conquest ? Are they Boys ?

Bond. Forgive me Soldier, 'tis a Woman's Frailty ;
I must, and will Reproach 'em : *Cæsar* sent 'em
To Conquer us, and make us Slaves to *Rome* :
Now he may send his Vultures too, to feed
And Riot on 'em, here they lye on heaps ;
And once more *Britain*, I pronounce 'em Boys.

Car. Are Boys the Hero's that must Grace your Triumphs ?
Where's then the glory of your Victory ?
Why are your Altars Crown'd with Wreaths of Flowers ?
Why are your Oxen Lowing by the Priest,
Adorn'd and Gilded for the Pomp of Death ?
Is this for frightening a poor Herd of Children ?
Is it no more ? Shut up your Temples *Britains* ;
Put out your Holy Fires ; forbear to tune
Your Hymns of Joy ; let all go home and sleep :
For such a Conquest, such a shameful Conquest,
A Candle burns too bright a Sacrifice.

Bond. Sure, *Caratach*, thou doat'st upon these *Romans*.

Sar. Witness these Wounds, I do : A *Roman* gave 'em.
I love an Enemy. I was Born a Soldier ;
And he that at the head of's Men, defies me ,
Bending my Manly Body with his Sword ;
I make a Mistress.

Bon. Were I of that Mind too,
My Heart would be wonderfully Engag'd
The next Battle.

[*Aside.*]

Car. Ten Years of bitter Nights and heavy Marches,
Have I wrought thro' to try these Noble *Romans* ;
On the hard Ground I've weather'd out ten Winters,
All Chopt with Cold, and stiffning in my Arms,
When Frozen Storms sung through my batter'd Helmet ;
And all to try the *Romans*. Ten times a Night
I've swom the Rivers, when pursuing *Rome*
Shot at me as I floated ; when these Arms
Stemm'd the rough Tide, and broke the Rowling Billows ;
And still to try these *Romans* : 'Tis dishonour,
And follow'd will be worse, to taint 'em thus.

Have not I seen the *Britains*—

Bond. What?

Car. Run, *Bonduca*, basely screaming out
 Mercy and Quarter from their trembling Lips :
 I've seen these *Britains* that you magnifie,
 Fly like a Shadow scowring o're the Plains:
 I've seen thee run, couragious *Nennius*,
 And you too, *Bonduca*, run like Winds,
 When that great Chief, the *Roman* Boy, pursued ye,
 Cut thro' your armed Carts, and drove 'em headlong.
 Why, I ran too ;
 But not so fast. Your Jewel had been lost then,
 Young *Hengo* there ; for when your Fears out-ran him,
 I in the Head of all the *Roman* Fury
 Took him, and girding him in my tough Belt,
 Buckl'd this Bud of *Britain* to my Back,
 And plac'd my Shield as a Defence behind him :
 Five times in vain I fought to bear him off ;
 We had perish'd, had not their gallant General
 Cry'd like a *Roman*, like a noble *Roman*,
 Go *Britain*, bear thy Lion's Whelp off safely ;
 Thy manly Sword has ransom'd thee ; grow strong,
 And let me meet thee once again in Arms.
 Then if thou standst thou'rt mine ; I took his Offer,
 And here I am to honour him.

Bond. Well then,

Let 'em be Boys or Hero's, still we have conquer'd ;
 And I am proud to think the richest Blood
 Of all the Martial World, now only serves
 To dung my Fields.

Car. And I am proud on't too :

But where we have found Virtue, tho' in those
 That came to make us Slaves, let's cherish it :
 There's not a Blow we gave, since *Julius* landed,
 That was of Strength or Worth ; but like Records,
 They file to After-Ages. The *Romans* are
 Our Registers for noble Deeds of Honour ;
 And shall we burn their Mentions with Upbraidings ?

Bond. My Fortune wound my Female Soul too high,
 And lifted me above my self ; but thou
 Hast kindly work'd down all my Towering Thoughts :
 Shall we have Peace ? For now I love these *Romans*.

Car. Peace ! Rather rail on, than think of Peace.

Nenn. Why did we fight ? Is't Peace the end of War ?

Car. Not where the Cause implies a General Conquest.
 Had we a Difference with some petty Isle,
 Or with some peevish Neighbour for our Land-Marks,

We'd

We'd think of Peace :

But where we grapple for the Ground we live on,
The Liberty we hold as dear as Life ;
And with these Swords, that know no end of Battle,
That where they march, but measure out more Ground
To add to *Rome*, and here i'th' Bowels of us :
It must not be, whilst there's an Eagle wav'd
In British Air, we'll never think of Peace.

Bond. O *Caratach* !

As thou hast nobly spoken shall be done.
The *Romans* shall have worthy Wars to thee :
I give in Charge this little Royal Graft,
The tender Care and future Price of *Britain* :
With thee he's safe, as in his Mother's Arms.

Car. And little Sir, when your young Bones grow stiffer,
And when I see you able in a Morning
To beat a dozen Boys, and then to Breakfast,
I'll tie ye to a Sword.

Heng. And what then, Uncle ?

Car. Then you must kill, Sir, the next valiant *Roman*
That calls you Knave.

Heng. And must I kill but one ?

Car. A Hundred, Boy, I hope.

Heng. I hope Five Hundred.

Car. That's a Noble Boy. Come, Madam,
Let's to our several Charges. Is *Venutius*
Return'd from viewing the *Roman* Camp ?

Bond. Where's your *Venutius*, Girl ? You best can tell.
Is he come back, my *Claudia* ?

Car. Nay, blush not Lady ; for with Pride I speak it.
A braver *Britain* never shone in Armour :
Nature has polish'd every part so smoothly,
As if she only meant him for a Lover,
But when (as I have oft with Pleasure seen him)
He calls up all the Man to rush to War,
Then Fury sparkles from Majestick Beauty ;
The Soldier kindles, and I lose the Lover,
Only to wonder at the Godlike Hero.

Claud. You've nobly recompenc'd his Service,
Greatly return'd that Praise, that loud as Fame
Has often sounded of the Mighty *Caratach*.

Bond. *Venutius* has deserv'd your Love, my Daughter,
And here he comes to claim it.

Enter Venutius.

Venutius, welcome : Have ye view'd the *Romans* ?

Ven. Yes ; they are few, and meanly sculk'd behind
Their labour'd Trenches.

Bond. Where

Ben. Where thy Courage drove 'em.
Go my *Venutius* to thy Mistress Arms:
Thus I reward thy Toil, and crown thy Wishes.

Ven. Thus then I'll thank ye:
By the mighty Joys that fill my Soul,
Thou'rt dearer, dearer to me,
Than all the Triumphs that the War con'd promise.

Bond. To morrow let us push the Conquest home,
And drive th' unwilling *Romans* from our Isle,
And then we'll solemnize your Loves in Peace;
The Holy Priest shall join your souls for ever.

Ven. Speak that agen! I'm lost in Extasie!
The Trumpet that allarm'd my Soul to War
Nè'er rais'd me half so high.

Car. Spoke like a Soldier.
I've always been thy Leader, but to morrow
I'll follow thee; Love leads us on to Conquest.
Methinks I see the Toils of Battle cease,
And weary *Britain* hush'd once more in Peace,
And thee presented to thy *Claudia's* Arms,
Free from the Midnight Terror of Allarms:
For who, what *Roman* can our Rage oppose,
When Love and Courage shoot us on our Foes?

[*Exeunt Car. Bond. Bonvica, Hengo: manet Ven. & Claudia.*]

Ven. Now I am truly happy. Oh my *Claudia*!
With this Reward, the great Reward of Beauty,
The batter'd Soldier crowns his glorious Labours,
And softens all the rugged Toils of Danger.
To morrow! Oh! Wou't thou not joy, my *Claudia*,
When from a bloody Field of slaughter'd *Romans*,
Thy weary Soldier comes with full Desire,
And brings thee Love and Conquest?

Clau. Yes, and with these soft Arms I'll hold you fast,
Till Honour calls you from me:
And when fresh Dangers court you to new Wars,
When your Soul springs to follow dreadful Glory,
Like a true *Britain*, like *Bonduca's* Daughter,
I'll dress my Hero, bring his Shining Armour;
Admire my Soldier, while with Pride I view
The graceful Horrors graven on his Shield,
And Terror sitting on his haughty Crest;
Then praise, embrace, and urge him to the War,
And then——

Ven. And then,
When the rough bus'ness of the day is o're,
When all my glittering Arms are red with Slaughter,
And shouting *Britains* bring me home in Triumph,

Let these dear Arms be open to receive me,
To lull my Cares, and soften 'em to Rest;
To make me lose the Hero in the Lover,
And all the Soldier melt to Love and Peace.

Claud. Yes, and I'll torture you a thousand ways,
With thousand thousand Questions of the War;
With trembling pleasure I will hear it all,
Heal every Wound you name with balmy Love,
Clasp my Victorious Hero in my Arms,
Praise him in every little tender way,
And bless kind Heaven for all the danger past.

Ven. Ye Gods! Is there such Excellence in Woman?
By all the Promises of glorious Love,
I'm so impatient till thou art all my own,
I dare not lose a moment, though with thee;
New dawning Glory breaks upon my Soul,
And all my Spirits up to rush to Battle,
To launch with Fury on the wondring *Romans*,
Drive 'em to Fate, then big with Love and Conquest
Fly to the Altar with a Bridegroom's Joy,
Perform the hasty Rites of Holy Marriage,
And seize the noble Prize of all my Labours.

Claud. Then sure I shall be free from odious Love.

Ven. What means my Blessing?

Claud. Oh my *Venutius*, that grim Royal *Pist*,
That joins his Troops with us against the *Romans*,
That we've so often doubted for a Traitor;
That Fiend still troubles all my softer hours,
And haunts me with his sawcy Brutal Passion.

Ven. Gods! what, that finish'd piece of perfect Monster?
Durst he blaspheme the Sacred Name of Love? [Comes peeps.
I pity him; use him, my *Claudia*, use him
For thy Diversion; he's beneath thy Scorn:
'Tis but a Day, and then with envious Eyes
He'll see me triumph in my *Claudia*'s Beauty,
And never dare to own his Passion more.
Farewel my Love, and tho' 'tis Death to part,
Yet for a while my Glory calls me from thee.

Claud. And will you go so soon? One moment longer.

Ven. Oh, I cou'd stay an Age, and still complain
Of leaving thee too soon. But my Charge waits me,
And I must see my Troops prepar'd for Battel.
Farewel: We part to meet in Peace to join
For ever; join, and give an Age to Love.

[Exit Venutius.

Enter Comes and meets Claudia as she's going out.

Com. What! my brightest *Amazon* in Arms agen?
The Toil and Danger of the War is o're.

Claud. Have

Claud. Have I not cause to wear a stronger Guard,
When a worse Foe comes on?

Com. The *Romans* sure will tempt your Rage no more.

Claud. But I fear thou wilt.

Com. Ha! then am I

The Foe you meant? I come, my Beauteous *Claudia*,
To talk of Friendly things, of Peace and Love.

Claud. O think agen, Sir; for they both disown thee;
There is no Peace and Love, where thou art present,
To mix thy self and spoil, the God-like Compound.

Com. Why dost thou dart at me those scornful Beams
Of Angry Beauty? Oh! Look milder on me.

'Twas Love that made me first a Foe to *Rome*;
To Fight and Conquer with my Beauteous *Claudia*.
'Tis o're, and that great Love that first began 'em,
Shou'd Crown our Labours, sweeten all our Toils;
Spring like our Souls in the first heat of Battle;
And shoot with fury to each others Arms;
To Clasp and Grapple midst Triumphant Joys.

Claud. Ha, this to me, the Virgin Pride of all *Britain*?
Shall I be treated like a Common Prostitute?

Am I thought mean enough for Beastly Passion,
The Recreation of his Ranker Hours?

Com. Forgive my hasty Zeal; I love with Honour.
The Sacred Innocence that atton'd the Gods,
Before we drew our Swords against the *Romans*,
Burnt not a purer Flame.

Claud. Urge me no more: Thou talk of sacred Love!
Hast thou a Nook in all that huddled Frame,
Fit for so soft a Guest? It cannot be.
Fly from my sight, thou bungl'd Botch of Nature;
Thou Snuff of Life, and Ruins of a Man.

Com. Once I was worthy your Imperious Beauty:
Curse o'that *British* Boy, that charm'd you from me.
Am I despis'd for him?

Claud. Rather Curse Nature, thou blaspheming Fiend,
That ne're reform'd thy Dross: Curse thy own Fate,
That warm'd that uncocted Lump to Life,
Half finish'd into Man. Art thou still here?
Be gone: I would not tell thee——

Com. More you cannot;
The Proudest of your Sex, tho' scorn'd and loath'd,
Cou'd not have vented more true Womans spite
Than you, for being Lov'd; Lov'd by a Prince;
And since you urge me thus, a Prince above you.

Claud. Above me!
This Insolence has given me leave to tell thee,

And I will speak :

Have ye forgot the time, when like a Slave,
Thou went'st prepar'd to gorge thy rank Desire,
Where a lewd Strumpet kept her Midnight Court ?
Dost thou remember, how she loath'd thy Person ?
E'en she, a Prostitute to all beside,
Started at this Appearance : I must laugh,
And tell thee what the publick Voice confirms,
That thou didst force, force ev'n that common Jilt,
And in the very Stews commit a Rape ;
And dar'st thou own thy monstrous Love to me,
Scorn'd by a Whore that every Swain has fullied ?

Com. Gods ! Can I bear all this, and still desire ?
All the rank Malice of your haughty Sex
Is surely lodg'd in thee, to make me hate thee
More than I ever lov'd ; to make thy Soul
Ugly and loathsome as that ghastly Terror
Your Impious Fancy drew for me. Go then,
Go to your Lovers Arms, and wanton there :
I'll court Disdain no more, no longer feast
My hungry Eyes on that proud Beauty.

Claud. Then I'm your Friend agen ; and now let's part,
Part in this very pleasing careless Mood,
And ne're from this kind Resolution move :
I will forget my Scorn, and you your Love.

[*Exit Claudia, manet
Comus solus.*

Com. And I my Love ? Gods ! Can she think I lov'd her ?
I'm unacquainted with that Boyish Passion ;
My Soul's inspir'd with a nobler Flame,
A mighty Governing Lust shoots through my Veins ;
I'll fawn no more, but force her to the Bliss,
And glut at once my Vengeance and Desire :
I'll ravish her ; my old experienc'd way :
And generally too, 'tis the Consequence
Of all my awkward Wooing ; the Thought warms me.
Ye Gods ! ye Gods ! How it wou'd fire my Soul,
To clasp this lovely Fury in my Arms !
Whilst scorning to be pleas'd, she'd curse the Pleasure ;
Till with a sudden Rapture seiz'd she'd melt away,
And springing give a Loose to lusty Joy.

[*Exit.*

The End of the First Act.

ACT. II. SCENE I.

Enter Petillius and Decius, two Roman Captains.

Pet. **W**ELL, Captain ; what Commands from our General *Suetonius* ?
Are we all drawn yet ? All prepar'd and order'd,
Fit to be slaughter'd ?

Dec. Brave News, Captain ; our General has sent
To have a Treaty to day with *Caratach*.

Pet. And fight with him to morrow : For, my Life on't,
They'll never conclude a Peace. They may make Treaties,
But all they agree on will be, to knock one another o'th' Head.
Where do they meet ?

Dec. Here on this Eminence, between the two Camps :
And for my part I think it no Scandal
For the bravest *Roman* amongst us to wish
They may come to Articles : For what can our
Shatter'd Troops do against a Hundred thousand *Britains* ?

Pet. Between no Bread and pitcht Battels we have not
Men left enough to storm a Village.

Suetonius is a Noble General ; but I see no reason
Why we should be all slic'd and slaughter'd,
And Dung Land here, because he loves fighting.

Enter Junius.

Stay, Stay, here comes the languishing Captain *Junius* :
Poor Gentleman, he's drawing on——

Dec. Not to his End I hope,

Pet. The end of all Flesh, Woman : His Thoughts ramble
After the Grecian Captive he left behind at *Rome*.

Jun. Why, what a Wretch am I ? This *Grecian* Beauty
Has softned all that's Great and *Roman* in me :
I shall be hooted at by all the Camp.

There's not a Slave that calls himself a Soldier,
But's brave enough to storm a Whining Lover.
Leave me, *Petillius*, my Thoughts are busie.

Pet. Thou want'st Drink : For what Affliction
Can light so heavy on a Soldier, and dry him up
As thou art ; but no Drink ? Thou sha't have Drink.

Jun. Prithee *Petillius*——

Pet. By my Honour, much Drink, valiant Drink :
I see like a true Friend into thy Wants, 'tis Drink.
And when I leave thee to a Dissolution,

Especially

Especially of that dry Nature; hang me.

Jun. Your Fooling's Nauseous: Why this Drink?
Drink to me——

Pet. Did I not find thee gaping like an Oyster,
For a New Tide? Why, thy very Thoughts lie bare
Like a Low Ebb. Thy Soul, that rid in Sack,
Lies Moor'd for want of Liquor: I say still,
Thou want'st Drink.

Jun. You have too much on't; therefore leave me, Sir:
Belch not your Drunken Jests on me;
I'm not dispos'd for Mirth.

Pet. May be thou want'st a Whore too? Thou sha't have both:
A pretty Valiant Fellow; dye for a little Lap and Leachery!
Hear, thou Son of Her

That loves a Soldier; hear what I promis'd for thee:
Thus I said, Madam, I take your Son for my Companion:
Madam, I Love your Son; your Son loves War:
War loves Danger; Danger, Drink; Drink, Discipline,
Which is Society and Leachery; these two beget Commanders.
Fear not, Madam, your Son shall lead with Honour.

Jun. Do's so Ridiculous and loose a Mirth,
Become a Man of Arms?

Pet. Any Mirth, or any Subject is better
Than Unmanly Mustiness: What harm's in Drink?
In a good wholesome Wench? It cannot out
Of my Head yet, handsomly: But thou woud'st
Feign be Drunk; come, no more Fooling:
The General has new Wine come over.

Jun. He must have New Acquaintance for it too,
For I will a' none, I thank ye.

Pet. None, I thank ye; a short and pithy Answer.
No Company, no Drink, no Wench, I thank ye:
A decent and modest Resolution.

Enter Corporal, Macer, and Soldiers.

What do these Hungry Rascals here?

Mac. A Bean, a Bean; a Princely Diet;
A full Banquet, to what we compass.

1 *Sold.* Fight like Hogs for Acorns.

2 *Sold.* If this hold, Corporal *Macer*, we are starv'd.

Mac. For my part I'm starv'd already;
Not worth another Bean:

A hard saying for an Officer, and a Man of Action:
Look ye Gentlemen, my Belly's run away
From my Coat; and my Doublet hangs so loose,
That I can pull him over my Head, like

The Tragedy of

A Shirt : Who'd guess by the sharpness of my Fiz,
That I had any Jaws ! and truly they are so
Very weak for want of Chewing, that they
Can scarce keep open my Face, so that the
Two Flapps of my Countenance are in danger
Of meeting ; and so for my part, I'll Fight no more.
How stand the rest of your Stomachs affected ?

All. No Bits, no Blows.

Pet. D'ye Mutiny, you Eating Rascals ?
You Fight no more ? No Bits, no Blows ?
Do's Rome depend on your Resolution,
For Eating Bief and Brewis ?

Mac. Wou'd we had it.

Pet. Avaunt, ye Slaves, or I'll have ye all hang'd :
A Sovereign help for Hunger.

Mac. I may do Service, Captain.

Pet. Yes, in a Butcher-row. Come hither, Corporal :
Thou art the Ring-leader of 'em, and I'll take
Care to get a particular Reward for thee.

Mac. How much Bief ?

Pet. Bief ! The Forks, Sirrah :
Where thou shalt be taught the true Virtue
Of Temperance, by a Liſtor, and Cat of Nine Tails
This you've deserv'd : But Bief, Sirrah !
How dar'st thou expect Bief ?
Hast thou done any thing to deserve Eating ?

Mac. Done Miracles Captain, Miracles !
Enough to deserve Feasting a Twelvemonth.

Pet. What Miracles, Sirrah ?

Mac. What Miracles have I done ? Let me see ;
Done ? Why I have fasted a Fortnight, which
Is a greater Miracle than any Hero of ye all
Can boast of ; and enough to Merit a Banquet for Life.

Pet. A Fortnight ! What dost thou call Fasting ?
How long is't since thou Eat'st last ?
Tell the Truth.

Mac. I have not Eat to the Purpose——

Pet. To the Purpose ? Ye Rogues, my Company Eat Turf,
And ne're Grumble : They can Digest Timber,
And Fight upon't : Dare ye Cry out for Hunger,
And wear Shoes ? Suck your Sword Hilt, ye Slaves,
If ye be Valiant to the purpose. A grievous penance !
Do'st thou see that Melancholy Gentleman ?

[*Pointing to Junius.*]

Jun. For shame, what mean ye *Petillius* ?

Pet. He has not Eat these three Weeks.

Mac. He has Drank the more then, and that's all one.

Pet.

Pet. Nor Drank, nor Eat, nor slept these two Months.

Jun. No more of this on your Life, *Petillius*,

Pet. Go to him, Corporal; 'tis common Profit:

Urge him to the Point; he'll find you out.

A strange Food, that needs neither Teeth, nor Stomach;

That will feed ye as Fat as a Cramm'd Capon,

And make ye Fight like Devils: To him Corporal;

I'll warrant thee, he'll teach thee a new way

Of Getting Dinners.

Mac. Captain, we do beseech you as poor Soldiers, [Singing to Jun.]

Men that have seen good days;

Whose Mortal Stomachs may some times

Feel Afflictions ———.

Jun. D'ye long to have your Throats Cut?

Pet. See what Mettle it makes in him:

Two more Meals of this, and there lies *Caratach*.

Mac. We do beseech you but to render in way

Of general Good, in Preservation ———.

[to Junius.]

Jun. Out of my Thoughts, ye Scoundrels.

Mac. Out of your Pity, to give us your War-like Remedy

Against the Maw-Morms; or Notable Receipt,

To Live by Nothing.

Pet. Out with your Table Books.

Jun. Am I become your sport, *Petillius*?

Stand from my Swords Point, Slaves;

Your Poor starv'd Spirits can make me no Oblation

For my Love; Else I would Sacrifice ye all.

[Exit Junius.]

Mac. Alas! he lives by Love, Sir!

Pet. So he does, Sir, and can't you do so too?

All my Company are now in Love; ne'er think of Meat.

Ah-mee's, and good hearty Heigh-hoes, are Sallets

Fit for Soldiers: Live by Meat, by Larding up

Your Bodies? 'Tis Lewd and Lazy, and shews ye

Meerly Mortal, Dull; and drives ye to Fight

Like Cammels, with Baskets at your Noses.

Get ye in Love; ye can Whore well enough,

Tho' ye Fast till ye are Famisht, yet still

Ye can Crawl like Crabbs to Wenches.

Away, the General's coming; get ye in love all,

Up to the Ears in Love, That I may hear no more

Of these Rude Murmerings, and discreetly carry

Your Stomachs.

Mac. Food must be had: Jog Boyes, keep your Files.

[Exeunt Macr. and Companions]

Enter Suetonius Attended.

Suet. This is the fatal Field, the very place

Where *Caratach* has led his Troops to face us;

And

And with Rude Fury, and unskilful Conduct,
 Broke through the Force of all our Noble Order :
 Where e're we set a Foot in all this place,
 We trample on a *Romans* Tomb ; but now old *Caratach*,
 Now we shall meet thee here
 On milder Terms, to Treat of Peace.

Pet. Well then ; I shall meet him once at least,
 Without the Hazard of my Person :
 Now I may possibly retreat without that
 Honourable comfort to a Soldier, of good substantial
 Hacks, and Wounds ; the gratefulness of half a Face ;
 An Arm dangling by my side, and three parts of me
 Groaning for a Surgeon.

Suet. Their Valour and Success are perfect Miracles.
 How strange 'twas to behold their First Encounter !
 Ten thousand Carts, and all with Scythes and Hooks,
 In full Career, they drove amidst our Army,
 And mow'd whole Troops : Here half a *Roman*
 Lay ghastly sprawling on the bearded Hooks,
 His other half left starving on the Bloody Plain.
 There Ranks of *Veteranes*, the Pride of *Rome*,
 We snatcht up whole, and mixt their hideous Cries.

Pet. Two or three of their Carts were very Decently
 Hung Round with my Company.

Enter Caratach and 4 Gentlemen.

Suet. But see, *Petillius*, *Caratach* appears ;
 The only Man that dares be Foe to *Rome*.

Car. The only Man that dares be Friend to *Rome* :
 Never a Foe, but when my Sword is drawn,
 For honourable Slaughter : Now 'tis sheath'd,
 And here I'm come to make a League with *Cæsar*.

What are the Terms that Great *Suetonius* offers ?

Suet. I offer Peace, the Greatest, Noblest Gift,
 And such a one, as *Romans* rarely offer,
 Or stoop to grant.

Car. And such an one as *Britains* too,
 Will always scorn to take, without such Terms
 We can accept with Honour.

Suet. What the Success
 Of the last Battle gave ye, keep secure.
 We give you back too, all the Towns, the Wealth,
 And Captives taken in the last Campaign.

Car. I will not Bargain like a sly shrowd Trader :
 But hear a Souldier speak. There's not one Inch
 Of Ground you've got since the First *Cæsar* Landed,
 But must be ours ; or let the War decide it :
 For by Your Heaven, and Great *Andates's* Power,

Whilst

Whilst there's one Eagle wav'd in British Air,
I'll never hear of Peace, but War, eternal War.

Suet. Then War, eternal War, I eccho back.
Shall I now Sacrifice my whole Life's Honour ?
I that ne'r marcht, but to encrease our Empire :
And shall I now for a Weeks ill Success
Resign at once the Conquest of an Age ?
I that so oft have entred *Rome*, when plac'd
On high amidst a Croud of Captive Princes,
I sate like one enthron'd, and careless view'd
A Nation shouting by my loaded Chariot,
That slowly wheel'd along the Royal Pomp,
And crackt beneath the Burden of the Triumph :
And shall I now at last return the Scorn,
And everlasting Scandal of a *Roman* ?
Cou'd I do this, not only pointing *Rome*,
But thou too, *Caratach*, thou'dst call me Coward.

Car. By Heaven I shou'd. Now by the Blood that warms thee,
By that true rigid Temper that has forg'd
Our Tempers so alike : I swear, O *Roman*,
Thou'st fir'd my Soul to Arms ; I long to meet thee
Drest in my dinted Armour, hew my Passage,
To reach *Suetonius* in the midst of Havock,
And grapple with thee for this spot of Earth,
Till one of us fall dead.

Suet. O more than *Britain* !

Car. O truly Equal

To the great Spirits that inform'd Old *Rome* !
Wer't thou a God, I could not call thee more.
Why are we Foes ? Sure Nature means us Friends,
And hand in hand, when the loud Signal sounds,
To start out jointly in the Race of Fame,
To pant along the rough unbeaten way
At our full Stretch, and touch the Goal together.

Suet. Whatever Nature meant, in spite of War,
And all the *Roman* Blood thou'st bravely spilt,
We will be Friends to day.

Car. Thus I advance

To meet thee then, and once without a Wound.

Suet. Come on, my Friend, I will not be outdone
In Kindness. What, so near, and not embrace ?

[Both come to one another.]

Car. Yes firmly, close, as if we never meant
To hew each other down, and end the Scene
In Blood. Shou'd *Cæsar* see us linkt together,
Rivett'd thus like the first furious Clasp
Of Lovers in the heat of stoln Delight,
Thinkst thou his boding Soul cou'd yet look forward,

And

And with Rude Fury, and unskilful Conduct,
 Broke through the Force of all our Noble Order:
 Where e're we set a Foot in all this place,
 We trample on a *Roman* Tomb; but now old *Caratach*,
 Now we shall meet thee here
 On milder Terms, to Treat of Peace.

Pet. Well then; I shall meet him once at least,
 Without the Hazard of my Person:
 Now I may possibly retreat without that
 Honourable comfort to a Soldier, of good substantial
 Hacks, and Wounds; the gracefulness of half a Face;
 An Arm dangling by my side, and three parts of me
 Groaning for a Surgeon.

Suet. Their Valour and Success are perfect Miracles.
 How strange 'twas to behold their First Encounter!
 Ten thousand Carts, and all with Scythes and Hooks,
 In full Career, they drove amidst our Army,
 And mow'd whole Troops: Here half a *Roman*
 Lay ghastly sprawling on the bearded Hooks,
 His other half left starving on the Bloody Plain.
 There Ranks of *Veteranes*, the Pride of *Rome*,
 We snatched up whole, and mixt their hideous Cries.

Pet. Two or three of their Carts were very Decently
 Hung Round with my Company.

Enter Caratach and 4 Gentlemen.

Suet. But see, *Petillius*, *Caratach* appears;
 The only Man that dares be Foe to *Rome*.

Car. The only Man that dares be Friend to *Rome*:
 Never a Foe, but when my Sword is drawn,
 For honourable Slaughter: Now 'tis sheath'd,
 And here I'm come to make a League with *Cæsar*.

What are the Terms that Great *Suetonius* offers?

Suet. I offer Peace, the Greatest, Noblest Gift,
 And such a one, as *Romans* rarely offer,
 Or sloop to grant.

Car. And such an one as *Britains* too,
 Will always scorn to take, without such Terms
 We can accept with Honour.

Suet. What the Success
 Of the last Battle gave ye, keep secure.
 We give you back too, all the Towns, the Wealth,
 And Captives taken in the last Campaign.

Car. I will not Bargain like a sly shrowd Trader:
 But hear a Souldier speak. There's not one Inch
 Of Ground you've got since the First *Cæsar* Landed,
 But must be ours; or let the War decide it:
 For by Your Heaven, and Great *Andates's* Power,

Whilst

Whilst there's one Eagle wav'd in British Air,
I'll never hear of Peace, but War, eternal War.

Suet. Then War, eternal War, I eccho back.
Shall I now Sacrifice my whole Life's Honour?
I that ne'r marcht, but to encrease our Empire:
And shall I now for a Weeks ill Success
Relinquish at once the Conquest of an Age?
I that so oft have entred *Rome*, when plac'd
On high amidst a Croud of Captive Princes,
I fate like one enthron'd, and careless view'd
A Nation shouting by my loaded Chariot,
That slowly wheel'd along the Royal Pomp,
And crackt beneath the Burden of the Triumph:
And shall I now at last return the Scorn,
And everlasting Scandal of a *Roman*?
Cou'd I do this, not only pointing *Rome*,
But thou too, *Caratach*, thou'dst call me Coward.

Car. By Heaven I shou'd. Now by the Blood that warms thee,
By that true rigid Temper that has forg'd
Our Tempers so alike: I swear, O *Roman*,
Thou'st fir'd my Soul to Arms; I long to meet thee
Drest in my dinted Armour, hew my Passage,
To reach *Suetonius* in the midst of Havock,
And grapple with thee for this spot of Earth,
Till one of us fall dead.

Suet. O more than *Britain*!

Car. O truly Equal

To the great Spirits that inform'd Old *Rome*!
Wer't thou a God, I could not call thee more.
Why are we Foes? Sure Nature means us Friends,
And hand in hand, when the loud Signal sounds,
To start out jointly in the Race of Fame,
To pant along the rough unbeaten way
At our full Stretch, and touch the Goal together.

Suet. Whatever Nature meant, in spite of War,
And all the *Roman* Blood thou'st bravely spilt,
We will be Friends to day.

Car. Thus I advance

To meet thee then, and once without a Wound.

Suet. Come on, my Friend, I will not be outdone
In Kindness. What, so near, and not embrace?

[Both come to one another.]

Car. Yes firmly, close, as if we never meant
To hew each other down, and end the Scene
In Blood. Shou'd *Cæsar* see us linkt together,
Rivett'd thus like the first furious Clasps
Of Lovers in the heat of stoln Delight,
Thinkst thou his boding Soul cou'd yet look forward,

And

And see us in the Field, where clashing Swords,
Chopt Arms, cleft Helmets, and the dying Groans
Of slaughter'd Troops shall drown our Warlike Trum p ets,
And shew a thousand ways our Rage in Battle?

Suct. No; he, e'en he, might study here the Hero,
And learn with us to change Revenge for Honour.

Car. Honour does nothing; all the World's at Peace
Till some stale Malice hurries them to War;
And then the fretful Hero's rail abroad
Worse than their Wives at home insult when Victors;
As if their only business was Revenge.

But let them that are truly valiant, know
From us, what 'tis to be a Friendly Foe.
We'll part in all the Laws of Love and Peace,
The Crush of Death must be our next Embrace.

[Exit Caratach.

Suct. Now by the Gods of *Rome*, one single Valour,
The Courage of the mighty *Caratach*,
More doubts me than all the *Britains*. He's a Soldier;
So forg'd out and so temper'd for great Fortunes,
So much Man thrust into him, that his meer Name
Fights in a thousand Men. Besure you hearten
Your shatter'd Troops, to give the Onset briskly.
Since we must fight, Fury must be our Fortune.
Look to those eating Rogues that baul for Victuals;
Tell 'em, if now they push the Conquest home,
The Fat of all the Kingdom lies before 'em.

Pet. That's the best Argument. The generous Soldiers

Spare begging conquer'd Foes, but when they Dine
They give no Quarter to a lusty Chine.

Thus the well-booted *Greeks* before *Troy Town*
Still pray'd for Beef enough to swallow down;
And eat as well as fought to get Renown.

[Exeunt.

Enter Corporal, Macer, and other Soldiers, as a Foraging.

C A T C H, *Sung by the Soldiers.*

J Ack, thou'rt a Toper, let's have t'other Quart:
Ring, we're so sober, 'twere a shame to part.
None but a Cuckold, Bully'd by his Wife
For coming late, fears a Domestick Strife.
I'm free, and so are you, to call and knock boldly,
Tho' Watchmen cry, Past Two a Clock.

Macer. Keep

Macer. Keep your Files, keep your Files,
I begin to have a strange Aversion for
This side of the Camp.

1 *Sold.* If we venture any further, our Throats are in Danger.

Mac. Not of swallowing any thing, I fear. We're just upon the
Out Guards of the *Britains*, but one Comfort is, they'll have but a
poor Booty of us, if we are taken: For my part, I have'nt Flesh enough
left to dine a Lowfe. If we cou'd but meet some good fat stragling *Brit-*
ains now.

2 *Sold.* What then, Corporal?

Mac. What then, you Rogue? A good fat corpulent well-cramm'd
Britain is Provision for a Prince. I am a Soldier of Prey, and will kill
all I meet, and devour all I kill.

1 *Sold.* You'd let's have some share in the eating, as well as the kil-
lings, Corporal; woud'nt ye?

Mac. We'd make a Dividend on 'em; I woud'nt cheat ye of one
single Chitterling; all the Garbage shou'd be your own; good sub-
stantial Tripe; where, for ought I know, you might find Beef ready
chewed, and Capers, happily not digested.

3 *Sold.* Shall we venture on? There's no great difference between
Hanging and Starving.

Mac. On, on; there's a comfortable thing call'd a Head of Cattle
hard by; March, keep your Files. If I cou'd but meet some good fat
Britains, as I said before, I'd so maul 'em.

[*Exeunt, and after a little while re-enter, running over the
Stage, the Britains after them.*]

Mac. Fly, fly, fly; the Enemy, the Enemy;
A whole Troop of 'em.

Britains. Are you so bold, Sirs? have at ye.

[*Exeunt Britains pursuing Macer and the rest, after a little time
re-enter Britains dragging in Macer and his Companions.*]

Britains. Learn to keep your Quarters, Scoundrel.
What make ye here? D'ye long to be trust up?

Mac. You are such lean Rogues, I've no Stomach t' ye;
You are'nt worth a fighting for.

Brit. You're scarce worth a hanging. But because y'are *Romans*, you shall
have the Honour conferred on you in due time. Come on, Cowards.

Mac. O all ye Mortals that are wise,

Abstain from fasting, I advise.

'Twas fasting brought these honest Fellows,

And Corporal *Macer*, to the Gallows.

[*Speaking in a lamen-
table Bellman's tone.*]

[*Exeunt Britains, dragging Macer out, and his Confederates.*]

The End of the Second Act.

A C T III. SCENE I.

*Enter Nennius, Soldiers with Macer, and other Soldiers with
Halters about their Necks.*

Nenn. Come, hang 'em presently. What made your Rogueships
Harrying for Victuals here? Are we your Friends?
Or do you come for Spies? Tell me directly,
Wou'd you not willingly be hang'd now?
D'ye not long for't?

Mac. No, not much: I'll ask my Fellow Skeletons
How they approve of it. What say you?
Shall we hang in this vein? Hang we must;
And 'tis as good to dispatch it merrily,
As hang an Arse to't.

1 Sold. Any way, so it be handsome.

Mac. I'd as leave 'twere toothsome too.

2 Sold. Nay faith, since we must hang,
Let's hang pleasantly.

Mac. Then pleasantly be it, Captain. The Truth on't is,
We had as live hang with Meat in our Mouths,
As ask your Pardon empty.

Nenn. What say you to a Chine of Beef now, Sirrah?

Mac. Bring me acquainted with it, and I'll tell you.

Nenn. Or what think you of a Wench, Sirrah?

Mac. 'Twou'd be excellent if she were well boil'd,
Or Roasted; but I am somewhat too low kept
To make use of her any way but with my Teeth.

Enter Caratach.

Car. Now what's the matter?
What are these Fellows? What's the Crime committed,
That they wear Necklaces?

Nenn. They are Roman Rogues, taken a Foraging.

Car. Is that all, Nennius?

Mac. Wou'd I were fairly hang'd! This is that Devil,
That Kill-crow Caratach.

Car. And wou'd you hang 'em?

Nenn. Are they not our Enemies?

Car. Enemies! Flea-traps.

Pluck off your Halters, Fellows.

Nenn. Take heed, Caratach: Taint not your Wisdom.

Car. Wisdom, Nennius?

Why, who shall fight against us? make our Honours,

And

And give a glorious Day into our Hands,
If we dispatch our Foes thus? What's their Offence?
Stealing a Loaf or two to keep out Hunger?
Does this deserve the Gallows? Poor Hungry Knaves,
That have no Meat at home: Are you not hungry?

Mac. Monstrous Hungry.

Car. That Fellow wears the very Face of Hunger:
Get 'em some Meat and Wine, to chear their Hearts.
Make haft I say.

1. *Sould.* What does he mean by this, Captain?

Mac. To let us alone, because we are not worth Hanging.

Car. Sit down poor Knaves: Why where's this Wine,
And Meat? Who waits there?

Enter Servants with Wine and Meat, and Hengo with 'em.

Serv. 'Tis here Sir.

Heng. Who are these Uncle?

Car. They are *Romans*, Boy.

Heng. Are these they

That vex my Aunt so? Can these Fight?
They look like Men of Clouts, set to keep Crows
From Orchards: Why I dare Fight with these.

Car. That's my good Chicken.

Well Gentlemen, how d'ye feel your Stomacks?

Mac. Mightily coming, Sir.

Car. I find a little Grace will serve your turns.
Give 'em some Wine.

Mac. Not yet, we're very Busie.

Heng. Hark'e Fellow, Can ye do any thing but Eat?

Mac. Yes, I can Drink too; prithee hold thy Peace,
Little Boy, I'm busie.

Car. Here Famine, here's to thy General.

Mac. Thank you; now I believe I have time
To Pledge you.

Car. Fill 'em more VVine', give 'em full Bowls.
Now which of you all, in Recompence
Of this Favour, dare give me a home Thrust,
In the next Battle?

Mac. VVhy Faith Sir, to do you a sufficient Recompence,
I don't much care, If I knock Your Brains out.

Car. Do, Faith I'll forgive thee.

Hen. Thou dar'st as well be hang'd:

Thou knock his Brains out? Thou Skin of Man!

Uncle, I will not hear this.

Mac. Pray, little Gentleman, don't spoil my Stomach;
You Eat when you will: I am glad to hear

When I can get it.

Hengo. You kill my Unkle?

Car. He shan't Child.

Hengo. He cannot, he's a Rogue;
An Eating Rogue: Oh that I wear a Man!

Mac. By this Vine, the Youth's brim-ful of Provocation;
But 'tis no matter: Here Noble *Caratach*,
Thy Health.

1. Sold. Hark ye, *Macer*, if he should hang us now
After all?

Mac. Let him, I'll hang like a Gentleman and a *Roman*.

Capt. your humble Servant: We thank you heartily
For your good Chear; and shall be glad to meet you
As well provided as we meet you now.

Car. Go, see 'em to their Tents, their Vine
Has over-Matter'd them.

[*Exeunt Caratach, Hengo, and Nennius.*

Mac. Well; Bless the Founder, I say: A Pox of
These *Britains*, I say, how many pound of Beef
Do they Devour to our one pound of Horse-flesh?

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE the Temple.

*Enter Druids Singing; Bonduca, Claudia 2d. Daughter, Venutius,
Nennius, Comes, Hengo, &c.*

1 Dr. **H**E A R us, Great *Rugith*, bear our Prayers:

2 **D**efend, defend thy British Isle.

1 **R**e vive our Hopes.

Disperse our Fears.

3 **N**or Let thine Altars be the Roman Spoil.

Chor. **D**escend, ye Powers Divine, Descend

4 **I**n Chariots of Ethereal Flame,

And touch the Altars you Defend.

Chor. **O** Save our Nation, and our Name.

5 **H**ear, ye Gods of Britain; hear us this Day:

Let us not fall the Roman Eagle's Prey.

Clip, Clip their Wings, or chase 'em home;

And Check the Towering Pride of Rome.

Oracle. ————— First learn their Doom.

[Thunder here.

Bond. You Powerful Gods of Britain, hear our Prayers.

Hear us, you Great Revengers: And this Day

Take Pity from our Swords; Doubt from our Valours:

Double the sad Remembrance of our Wrongs

In every Breast : The Vengeance due to those
 Make Infinite and Endless.
 Rise from the Dust, the Reliques of the Dead ;
 Whose Noble Deeds our Holy *Druids* Sing.
 O Rise, ye Valiant Bones ; let not Base Earth
 Oppress your Honour, whilst the Pride of *Rome*
 Treads on your Stocks, and wipes out all your Stories.

Ven. Thou great *Tyranes*, whom your Sacred Priests,
 Arm'd with their Dreadful Thunder, play'd on high ;
 Above the rest of the Immortal Gods.
 Send thy Consuming Fires, and deadly Bolts,
 And shoot 'em home : Stick in each *Roman* Heart,
 A Fear fit for Confusion. Blast their Spirits :
 Dwell in 'em to Destruction : Through their Phalanx,
 Strike as thou strik'st a proud Tree ;
 Shake their Bodies ; make their Strengths totter,
 And their hopeless Fortunes Unroot :
 And Reel to *Rome*.

Claud. O thou God ! If ever to thy Justice,
 Insulting Wrongs and Ravishments of Women,
 With Virgin Innocence have Access : Now hear me ;
 Now snatch that Thunder up : Now on these *Romans*,
 Despisers of thy Power, and of thy Altars,
 Revenge thy self : Take to thy Killing Anger,
 To make thy great Work full ; thy Justice spoken :
 And Utter Rooting from this Blessed Isle,
 Of what *Rome* is or has been.

Bond. Give more Incense ;
 The Gods are Deaf or Drowsie. No happy Flame
 Rises to raise our Thoughts : Pour on.
2d Daugh. See Heaven, and all you Powers that guide us :
 See, and shame we kneel so long for Pity
 At your Alters ; since 'tis no light Oblation,
 That you look for : No Incense Offering ;
 We will hang our Eyes : And as we wear
 These Stones with Hourly Weeping ;
 So will we melt your Pow'rs into Compassion.

Hengo. This Tear for *Prosfutagus*. My brave Father,
 Ye God's ! Now think on *Rome* : This for my Mother,
 And all her Miseries : O see and Save us.

[A Smoak from the Altar.

Bond. The first takes !

Car. It does so : But no Flame Rises.
 Cease your Fearful Prayers ;
 Your Whimmerings, and your Lame Petitions :
 The Gods Love Courage Arm'd with Innocence ;

And

And Prayers fit to pull 'em down; weak Tears
 And Troubled Hearts, the Dull Twins of Cold Spirits,
 They sit and Smile at. Hear how I salute them;
 Divine *Andate*: Thou who hold'st the Reins
 Of Furious Battles, and Disorder'd War,
 And Proudly Rowl'st thy swarthy Charriot Wheels,
 Over the Heaps and Wounds of Carcasses:
 Saying through Seas of Blood: Thou sure Steel'd,
 Give us this Day good Hearts; good Enemies,
 Good Blows o' both sides: Wounds that Fear or Flight
 Can claim no share in: Steel us both with Angers,
 And Warlike Executions, fit thy Viewing.

Let *Rome* put on her best strength: And thy *Britain*,
 Thy little *Britain*; but as great in Fortune,
 Meet her as strong as she; as proud as daring:
 And then look on, thou Red Ey'd God, who does
 Reward with Honour: Who Despair makes fly;
 Unarm for ever, and Brand with Infancy.
 Grant this Divine *Andate*; 'tis but Justice,
 And my first Blow, Thus on this Holy Altar,
 I sacrifice unto thee.

[A Flame arises.

Bon. It flames out.

Car. Now sing ye *Druids*:

Sing, Sing ye *Druids*! All your Voices Raise,
 To Celebrate Divine *Andate's* Praise.

Sing, Sing Divine *Andate's* Praise.

Divine *Andate*! President of War,
 The Fortune of the Day Declare.

Shall we to the *Romans* yield:

Or shall each arm that wields a Spear,

Strike it through a Massy Shield;

And Dye with *Roman* Blood the Field?

[Thunder here.

Oracle. ————— *Much will be spill'd.*

1 & 4 Dr. **T**O Arms, to Arms: Your Ensigns strait display:

Now, now, now, set the Battle in Array.

The Oracle of War Declares,

Success Depends upon our Hearts and Spears.

Verf. { *Britains*, Strike Home: Revenge your Country's Wrongs:

& Cho. { Fight and Record your selves in *Druids* Songs.

Bond. 'Tis out agen.

Car. They've given us leave to Fight yet:

We ask no more; the rest hangs on our Resolutions.

Tempt Her no more.

Bond.

Bond. I wou'd know further, Cousin.

Car. Her hidden meaning dwells in our Endeavours ;
Our Valours are our best Gods. Come, let's march.
This Day the *Romans* gain no more Ground here
Than what his Body lies in.

Bond. On then my Soldiers ;
Thy Words have made me certain of Success.
For when brave *Caratach* does lead the way,
The *Britains* cannot fail to win the Day.

[*Exeunt omnes præter
Comus and Venutius.*

Com. They must not then have Boys to fight their Battles.

Ven. What says *Comus* ?

Com. I said,

Whilst Women Rule, and Boys Command in War,
We've askt the Gods what they will never grant us.
Nor need *Rome* triumph for a Victory
(O my Prophetick Fears) so cheaply purchased.

Ven. A Victory, and by the *Romans* gotten ?
Where's then the Courage of our generous *Britains*,
So lately try'd in the successful Battles ?
O all ye Gods ! Can there be more in Men ?
More daring Spirits ? Still they make good their Fortunes,
And let the *Romans* know, this little Isle
It self a World is, more than that they've conquer'd.

Com. And let the bold *Venutius* know, and tell it
His proud vain-glorious Heart, e're the Sun sets
Poor *Britain* veils her Glories in everlasting Darkness.

Ven. O no, she'll yet raise her victorious Head,
Look o're the Rugged *Alps*, and make *Rome* tremble.
Methinks I see the big War moving forwards :
Heark how they shout to th' Battle ! how the Air
Totters and reels, and rends apieces
With the huge vollied Clamours ! Hear the *Romans*
Tearing the Earth ith' the bitter Pangs of Death.
The *Britains* there (*Comus*, methinks I see it)
I'th' face of Danger pressing on to Conquest.

Com. Here the unhappy Queen
(Hard Chance of War) by common Hands
Stript of her Majesty, and to the *Roman* General
Led a Captive ; there her two beauteous
Daughters made the Slaves of Lust and Scorn.
Methinks I do behold that Heavenly Form,
An Abstract of all Goodness,
The poor much pitied *Claudia*.

Ven. Ha ! what say'st thou ?
By Heaven, I fear thou art about to utter
Something the basest *Roman* Slave wou'd start at !

Shall

Shall she, my *Claudia*, say'st thou? But we trifle;
And sure thou didst it only to whet my Courage,
Of its self apt and prone to execute.

Com. Be it so then. See who dares most to day
For Love and for thy *Claudia*, Thou or I.

Ven. Now thou'rt brave, and I shall truly love thee:
Sound all your dreadful Instruments of War,
Till *Romans* best Sons start at the Warlike Noise.
Come on, and whilst we thus together move,
I'll shew *Rome* how to fight, Thee how to love.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Suetonius, Petillius, and Roman Officers.

Suet. Now my brave Country-men, the time is come
To gain a Conquest, or a Grave, in *Britain*.
The Enemy, my Fellow-Soldiers, wait us.
Are ye all ready?

Pet. All our Troops attend, Sir.

Suet. To bid you fight is needless, you are *Romans*,
The Name will fight it self. To tell you
Who you go to fight against, his Power and Nature,
But loss of Time: Go on in full Assurance;
Draw your Swords as daring
And as confident as Justice.
Go on, I say, valiant and wise; rule Heaven;
And all ye great Aspects attend 'em.
Do but blow upon this Enemy, who but that
We want Foes, cannot deserve that Name;
And like a Mist, a lazy Fog before your burning
Valours, you'll find him fly to nothing. This is all;
We have Swords, and are the Sons of Ancient *Romans*,
Heirs to their endless Valours; fight and conquer.

Pet. That Man who loves not this day,
And hugs not in his Arms the Noble Danger,
May he die fameless and forgot!

Suet. Sufficient.

Up to your Troops, and let your Drums beat Thunder;
March close, and sudden as a Tempest; keep your Phalanx
Sure lin'd and piec'd together; your Spears forward,
And so march like a moving Fort; ere Night shall come
Britain shall give us Graves, or yield to *Rome*.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter

Enter Caratach, Nennius, and Soldiers.

Nen. The Romans are advanc'd ; from yonder Hills
We may behold them, *Caratach*.

Car. Let's thither.

[*Moves forward.*]

I see the Dust fly ; now I see the Body :
Observe 'em, *Nennius* ; by Heav'n a handsome Body !
And of a few, strongly and wisely jointed.

Suetonius is a Soldier.

Nen. As I take it,
That's he that Gallops by their Regiments,
Viewing their Preparation.

Car. Very likely.

He shews no less than General ; see how bravely
The Body moves ; and in the Head, how proudly
The Captains stick like Plumes ! He comes on apace :
Good *Nennius*, go hasten my Brave Lieutenant ;
Bring on the first square Body to oppose 'em ;
The Queen move next with hers, and wheel about,
So gain their Backs, in which I'll Lead
The Van Guard. We shall have bloody Crowns
This day, I see by it ; haste thee, good *Nennius*,
I'll follow instantly. How close they March,
As if they grew together : no place but lin'd alike,
Sure from Oppression.

They will not change this Figure.

We must Charge 'em, and Charge 'em home,
They'll never totter else.

Heark ! I hear our Musick, and must attend it.
Hold, good Sword, but this day, and hereafter
I'll make a Relick of thee for young Soldiers
To come like Pilgrims to, and kiss for Conquests.
Oh, Great *Andate*, on thy Soldier smile,
And drive these Romans from thy *British* Isle.

Enter Suetonius, Petilius, &c.

Suet. O bravely fought ! Honour till now, ne'er shew'd
Her Glorious Face in the Field. Like Lyon Soldi'rs,
You've held your Heads up this day.
Where's young *Junius* ?

Pet. Gonet to Heav'n, I think, Sir ; I saw him fall.

Suet. His worth go with him, for he was a Soldier.
See he has all the Noble Rites of Funeral.
Bravely he fought, my Friends, bravely he fell.

E.

And

And since i'th' bloody Field, he fought a Grave,
 Let Warlike Instruments attend him thither.
 Heark, They come on again ! Charge, Charge my Soldiers.

Enter Caratach, Bonduca, Claudia, Venutius, Bonvica, and Hengo.

Car. Charge 'em i'th' Flank : Oh, you have play'd the Fool,
 The Fool extremely !

Bond. Why, Cousin ?

Car. The Woman-Fool : Why did you give the word
 Unto the Carts to Charge down, and our People
 In grofs before the Enemy ? We pay for it : our own
 Swords cut our Throats.

Why do you offer to Command ?

Why do ye meddle in Men's Affairs ?

Bond. I'll help all yet, my Soldier.

[*Exeunt.*]

Car. Go home and Spin.

Now comes the Tempest on :

[*A shout within.*]

Oh Woman ! Woman ! At the first design'd

A Plague, and sure Destruction to Man-kind.

[*Exeunt.*]

An Alarm. Enter Suetonius, Petilius, &c.

Suet. Close my brave Fellows ; Honourable Romans :
 The World cannot Redeem 'em, they are ours.
 Charge close, *Petilius* haste, one sudden blow
 Must be the *Britains* certain overthrow.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Bonduca, Venutius, Claudia, Bonvica, &c.

Bond. Whither fly you ? Stay you shames of *Britain* :
 Back, back ye Cowards ; Oh ye fearful Hares !
 Doves in your Anger ? Will you leave your Queen ?
 Leave her thus desolate with her hapless Children,
 To Roman Rape and Fury ?

Enter Caratach, and Hengo.

Car. Fly ye Buzzards, ye have Wings enough I find.
 Oh, Woman, Woman, thou hast lost all !

Bond. Forgive me, Noble *Caratach*.

Car. May Heaven forgive you ; hasten to your Castle,
 There's your last Refuge ; farewell, wretched Queen.
 Heark, how the Romans ring
 Our Knells ! Away.

[*Shout.*]

[*Exeunt Bonduca, &c.*]

Hengo.

Hengo. Good Uncle, let me go too ;
I'm frighted at this noise ; it sounds, methinks,
Like Thunder.

Car. No, my Boy :
Thy Fortune's mine, and I will never leave thee :
Thou might'st have been an Heir to *Britain's*
Crown ; but that the ill Conduct of thy Mother lost that.
But heark, the Enemy approaches near ;
We must be gone, my Boy ; but Heaven knows where :
For *Britain* now submits to *Roman* Powers,
And nothing but our lengths of Earth are ours.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T IV.

Enter Venutius and Claudia.

Ven. ALL's lost ! All's lost ! And our *British* Soil
So often fed with dying *Roman's* Blood,
Is now all cover'd o'er with slaughter'd *Britains* ;
Whose yet warm Gore lies reeking on the Plains,
As if our Mother Earth refus'd a draught
So horrid and unnatural.

Claud. Where'er
Our Fears Conduct us, still we may behold
The Dead, or Dying, whose louder Cries o'ercome
The Exclamations of the Conquering *Romans*.

Ven. Let 'em cry on, till their wild Voices reach
Yon Azure-Mansion of the Partial Gods ;
But they are Deaf, or sure we might have hop'd for
A happier Harvest of our well-tun'd Prayers.

Claud. Injurious Heav'n, where's now our Promis'd Bliss ?
The good old Priest that shou'd have joyn'd our Loves !
The Virgin Hands to lead us to the Temple,
And *Hymen's* Lamp to smile upon our Joys !
No Priests ! No Virgins Hands, or Lamp of *Hymen* !
Or if there is, 'tis blown into a Flame :
The Flame of War, that with devouring haste,
Bounds o'er the Land.

Ven. O *Claudia* ! Thou Beauties Excellence !
Thou Glorious Prize of my yet fruitless Labours !
The Cause, and the Reward of all my Toyls !
Did I for thee, and Honour draw my Sword,
And must I, must I sheath it in Dishonour ?

Claud. No more my Hero ! For in spite of Fortune,
 (Fortune, a Coward-Slave, t'a Soul like thine)
 Thou still art Great, far greater in thy self,
 Than all the Conquests of Insulting *Rome*.
 Let me gaze on thee, fly into thy Arms ;
 Drown all my Cares in Ecstasies of Joy !
 For tho' the World is lost, I'll Triumph here.

Ven. Hear this, ye Gods ! Hear this ! And from the Crowd
 Of all the Darling *Romans*, bring a Faith
 That dares to match with *Hers*.

Claud. No. Tho' Conquer'd, I'm still a Princess ; Daughter
 To a Queen, the Great *Bonduca* ; Her
 Whose powerful Arms have last'd the Fury
 Of those stubborn Tyrants : these Sons of the Empire ;
 Thunder-Bolts of War ; whose wild Ambition
 Seems t'out-brave the Stars.

Ven. O thou Great Soul ! Thou Generous Heir to all
 Thy Mother's Beauty, and thy Father's Virtue !
 How oft in times to come, when Fame shall ripen
 The Stories of thy Fortune, will the Virgins
 Bow to thy Name, and in the height of Wonder,
 Change all their Womans Fears for Manly Courage ;
 And the young Hero fledg'd with dear-bought Conquest
 Melt into Love ; wish to have liv'd like me,
 Thus to admire, thus close to press thee ever.

Enter Comes.

Claud. No more, my Love ; see where the Pi^{ct} appears !
 Good Heav'n ! Does he still live ? And cou'd not Fate,
 Arm'd with so many Weapons, find his Head,
 And ease the Earth that Groans beneath the Monster ?
 I cou'd not fight, my itching Flesh oppos'd
 The Dictates of my Soul : Truth is, I never knew
 A whining Lover, but he was a Coward ;
 And yet they say, that Woman's toy, *Vinutius*,
 That Youth, who has the Heroe and the Lover
 Blended together, did work Miracles ;
 And in the foremost Ranks sustain the Battel.
 Why be it so, had she encourag'd me,
 Like him, perhaps I might have dar'd beyond him.

Ven. How gloomy, and distracted he appears !

Claud. His Looks wear Horror, and his Thoughts Destruction.

Com. She's but a Woman, proud and obstinate :
 And when I know a thousand may be had,
 Why shou'd I vilely lose one thought on her,
 And to her Folly, Sacrifice my Quiet ?

Ha !

Ha! She's here, and her proud Mignion with her:
'Tis fixt within, and Fate waits ready for him.
Hail wond'rous Youth! Thou Glory of this Isle;
Blest Britain's Hopes, and Terror of the Romans,
Whose Eagles that once led 'em on to Conquest,
Now hide their Heads, and flag their trembling Wings.

Claud. What means this Sycophant?

Com. Whose very Name

Can do the work of twenty thousand Soldiers;
The Nobl'st Tempers e'er drew Sword for Slaughter,
Are proud to be compar'd to thee, thou Heroe,
Whose yet Green Youth has done the work of Ages.

Ven. Come, no more; I know thy Pride, and scorn it:
But if thou art wis'don't urge me beyond bearing.
This Sword, still warm with the bold Romans Blood,
Ne'er yet unsheath'd, but in bright Honour's Field,
Shall do a Murder on thee, if thou dost.

Com. Yes, now thou talk'st, stay, let me view him nearer:
Is this *Vennius*? This the Youth that basely
Whistled his Honour off to the Wind, and coldly
Shrunk his inglorious Head, whilst the rough Soldier
Sweat Blood and Spirit for a Glorious Harvest?
Thou Poppingjay? Thou ten degrees beyond
A Coward! What, fly to a Woman's Arms!
Forfake the Field so basely! Out upon't!
Thou fit to fight with Romans! Thou a Soldier!
Go home and hang thy Arms up; let rust rot 'em:
Go take a Distaff, Fool; for what brave Soldier,
What Man that loves to fight for Britain,
Will ever follow thee?

Ven. Did I do this? Did I forsake the Field?
Did I, when Courted by loud Fame and Fortune,
Shrink back my Head, or in a Woman's Arms
Melt down my Manly Courage? O all ye Gods!
Must I bear this? Must I with Patience hear it?
Nay, then I am that Fool, that Thing he call'd me.
Follow thou, Friend, follow me if thou dar'st.
Come to the Field, there thou shalt see this Coward,
This Woman's Toy, this Poppingjay, do Wonders;
And what before the Admiring Army saw,
Thou shalt behold again.
Ha! Laugh'st thou, Hell hound?

Com. Yes, to see thee Rave.

Where's now thy Wisdom, and that Manly temper
Thou hast so often bragg'd of? Behold now
That Object Pist, as thou hast proudly call'd me,
Can move thy Soul, and work it beyond Madness.

Claud.

Claud. Out, thou infernal Monster,
Half Man, half Devil ; but ten times worse than both.

Com. Good Lady Variety, are all my Actions
So poor and lost, my Services so barren,
That I'm remembred in no Nobler Language?

Claud. Remember! I'd blot thee from my Thoughts ;
Thy Person is so foul, thy Name so loathsome,
It blisters every Tongue dares mention it.
Come, my *Venutius*, let us to the Fort
Whither the lost *Bonduca* is retired
With my unhappy Sister, and leave him
To the worst of Torments, his own Conscience.

[*Exeunt.*

Com. Farewel, proud Fool, next time we meet,
Your Tongue shall move in softer Terms,
And your stiff heart bow down in Pray'rs
To this loathsome Monster,
This hated Pict ; for ere to morrow's Light
Your Sun shall set in Everlasting Night.

[*Exit.*

Enter Caratach and Hengo.

Car. How does my Boy?

Hen. I wou'd do well ; my Heart's well ;
I been't afraid, Uncle.

Car. My good Boy.

Hen. I know, Uncle, we must all die :
My little Brother dy'd, I saw him die ;
And he dy'd smilingly ; sure there is no
Great Pain in't, Uncle : But pray tell me
Whither must we goe when we are dead, Uncle?

Car. Strange Questions !
Why, to the blessed'st Place, Boy : Eternal Sweetness
And Happiness dwells there.

Hen. Will you come to me?

Car. Yes, my sweet Boy.

Hen. My Aunt too, and my Cousins?

Car. All, my good Child.

Hen. No *Romans*, Uncle.

Car. No, Boy.

Hen. I shou'd be loath to meet them there.

Car. No ill Men,
That live by Violence and strong Oppression
Come thither ; 'tis for those the Gods love, good Men.

Hen. Why then, I care not when I go ; for surely
I am persuaded they love me : I never did any thing
To vex my Mother in my Life ; and indeed, *Uncle*,
Every Night, before I went to Bed, I said my Pray'rs.

Car.

Car. Thou shalt go there then,
Indeed thou shalt.

Heng. When they please, Uncle.

Car. That's my good Boy :
Art thou not weary, *Hengo*?

Heng. Weary, Uncle!
I've heard you say, you've march'd all day in Armour.

Car. I have, Boy.

Hen. Am I not of your Blood?

Car. Yes, my Child.

Heng. Then, 'pray', why can't I do so too?

Car. Thou art too tender.

Heng. What, to go upon my Legs, why they were
Made to bear me; I can play Twenty Mile a-day.

I see no reason but to preserve my Country
And my self, I shou'd walk forty.

Car. What wou'dst thou be? Living to wear a Man's strength?

Heng. Why, a *Caratach*;

A *Roman*-Hater; a Scourge sent from Heaven,
To whip these proud Thieves from our Kingdom.
Heark! Heark, Uncle! I hear a Drum!

Enter Macer, and Soldiers.

Mac. Beat softly; softly, I say. They are here.
Who dares Charge?

1. *Sold.* He that dares be knockt o'th' Head.
I'll not come near him.

Mac. Retire again, and watch then: how he stares!
He has Eyes wou'd kill a Dragon.

Mark the Boy well; if we cou'd take, or kill him:

A pox upon you, how fierce you look!

Back, on's Back I say; he has found us.

[*Retire.*

Car. Do you hunt us?

Heng. Uncle, good Uncle; see the thin starv'd Rascal!
The eating *Roman*! Kill him, dear Uncle, kill him.

Car. Do you make us Foxes?

Here, hold my Spear, and keep the place, Boy:

I am at Bay, and like a Bull I'll bear him.

Stand, stand ye Rogues; ye Squerrils.

[*Exeunt.*

Heng. Look, how he pays 'em! O, that I had a Man's strength!

Enter Macer.

Mac. A plague of your heavy Hands; I'm glad
I've escap'd you: Ha! Here's the Boy! My own,
I thank my Fortune.

Heng.

Heng. O Lord! Uncle! Uncle! Famine is fall'n upon me, Uncle.

Mac. Come, Sir; yield willingly: your Uncle's out of hearing.
Heark ye, Sirrah, give me the Spear; I shall
Tickle your young Tail else.

Heng. I defie thee, than Mock-made-Man of Mat.
Heark'y, Sirrah; Charge home, or I shall tickle
Your lean Carcase for you.

Mac. As I live, the Boy will beat me.
How it looks! Lookee, lookee; how the little Toad swells!
Ye little Rogue, you; yield, or I'll cut your Head off.

Heng. You cut my Head off, Sirrah? If I thought you
Had any Brains, I'de dash 'em out with the wrong end
Of my Uncle's Staff: Come on, I have twenty ways
To Charge thee; twenty Deaths attend my bloody Hand.

Mac. Sure, 'tis the Devil, a Dwarf-Devil in a Doublet.

Enter Soldiers running.

Sold. Fly! Fly Corporal! He comes, he comes.

Mac. The Devil take the hindmost.

[*Exeunt running.*]

Heng. Ah you Rogues; you run-away Rogues.
He comes, he comes, he comes: That's he, Boys.
What a brave Cry they make.

Enter Caratach with a Head.

Car. How does my Chicken?

Heng. Faith Uncle, grown a Soldier, a great Soldier:
For by the Virtue of your Spear, and a strange
Fighting Face I put upon't, I have out-brav'd
Hunger.

Car. That's my Boy, my sweet Boy: Here, here's
A Roman's Head for thee.

Heng. And very good Provision, Uncle. Before I starve,
My pretty Gentleman, I shall make bold to taste
The sweetness of your Calves Head.

Car. A right compleat Soldier; come Chicken,
Let's go seek some place of strength,
(The Countrey's full of Scouts) to rest a while in;
Thou won't not else be able to endure
The Journey to my Countrey: Fruits and Water
Must be your Food awhile Boy.

Heng. Any thing.
I can eat Mofs! I can live on Anger,
To vex these Romans: Let's be wary, Uncle.

Car. I'll warrant you.
Since you the fall of Britain have decreed;

And

And that your Votaries must by *Romans* bleed.
O Ruggith! O *Andate*! Oh ye Powers!
Since you the Fall of *Britain* have decreed;
Let then your Votaries by these *Romans* bleed.
Rather than make us to the Conqueror Slaves,
Give them our Kingdom, and give us our Graves.

A C T V.

SCENE, I.

Enter Suetonius, Comes Dragging in Claudia.

Claud. O Whither, whither wou'dst thou drag me, Villain?

Com. To do a Deed thou'lt thank me for, when done,

Why all this vain resistance? Can you move
The Rocks or Trees to pity your Complaints?
I am as firm, and resolute in my purpose:
Nor wou'd I quit my Purchase for a Kingdom.
Where now is all the Pride? That Womans pride,
With which you melt the Endearments of my Love?

Claud. 'Tis here; 'tis fixt for ever in my Soul:

I always scorn'd, but now I hate thee too.

And sure——

If there are Gods, and Virtue be their Care,
I'm still secure from thy abhorr'd Attempts.
Some unseen Power will strike thee in the Act;
And Impotence blast all thy Expectations.

Comes. Why, be it so? I'll put it to the Tryal.

But Madam, you shall find, and find with Pleasure,
Not all the Powers of Heav'n can disarm me.

Come on; your Tears are now as vain and fruitless,
As were my Pray'rs, when I ask'd your Love.

Claud. Love! And to thee! Thou art a thing so Loathsome,

Nature has shut thee quite from that thou art:

Madelike the Bird of Night, to be Pursu'd,
Abhorr'd, and Loath'd, by all thy fellow Creatures.

Com. Woman! Woman! Oh how I love this Pride!
Thou now art fit to be belov'd by me;
Not made to fill our Arms the Vulgar way.

Claud. Oh, I have been to blame; my foolish Tongue
Betray'd the weakness of my unwary Heart!
Thou art Fair as Light, and Innocent as Truth:
Royal by Birth, by Nature Excellent.

Com. This is far more than my Revenge e'er hop'd for:
Not only to enjoy thy Body, but
Bend down thy Soul in Fear and Flattery;
Which feeds both my Anger, and my Love.
Nay, come, your Mignon's safely laid:
His Sword, proud Beauty, will never more
Be drawn in your Defence.

Enter Venutius.

Ven. Oh where! Where is this proud Imperious Villain?

Claud. He's here; he's here. Ye Gods, poor *Claudia* thanks you.

Ven. Have at thee Prince; thus I salute.

[*Draws.*

Com. Are you so hot, Sir? I have that
Shall cool you

[*Fight here, and Comes falls.*

Curse of your Sword! You are too sure a Marks-Man.

Ven. Farewel; and tell thy fellow Devils below,

'Tis to *Venutius's* Sword, thou ow'st thy Death.

A Fate too Noble, for a Wretch like thee.

Com. I'm going, but leave my Curse behind me.

May'st thou still Love, and be like me Rewarded.

Death, Horror, and Despair! Where am I now?

[*Dies.*

Claud. Come to my Arms, my Hero, born for Conquest:

Dearer and Greater in the single Combat,

Than all the Labours of the busie day!

Ha! But he bleeds! O all ye Gods! He bleeds!

Those precious drops that might redeem a Kingdom,

In silent pace, bear his dear life away.

O fatal Conquest! dear bought Victory!

O wond'rous proof of unexempl'd Love!

Ven. Love! Yes, I call the unknowing Gods to witness,

How much I love thee; through what Seas of Danger

I have ventur'd for thee: Thou art that precious

Diamond, that glorious Prize, which seated on a Rock;

From

From far hast drawn the Eyes of the Beholders !
 I the bold Lover , who in spight of Fortune ,
 By Heav'n Incourag'd, and Guided by my Love,
 Rode o'er the raging Waves, and bore thee off.
 Ha ! Have I not ? What Pict shall now oppose us ?
 What *Roman* Sword shall interrupt our Peace ?
 The Winds are still ; Heaven gently smiles upon us :
 'Tis all Serene, and I am thine for ever.

Claud. Alas ! Thou Rav'st ! 'Tis Madness all thou utterst !
 Help, help ! Where now are all those Gods,
 The Poets in their wild fancies Dreamt
 Were in the Woods ? No kinder Pow'r to hear
 A Virgins Pray'r ? No *Æschlapius* near, or
 Great *Apollo* ?

Ven. No, 'tis too late : I find Death's Hand upon me ;
 And feel my Soul, just ready for the fally.
 Weep not, my *Claudia* : there are Joys in store,
 For thee and me, tho' I am now no more.

[Dies.

Claud. He's dead, he's dead ; and in my Cause ! Oh thou dear
 Youth ! Winged like a *Perseus* for his rescu'd *Andromeda* ;
 Thou flew'st all Soul, all Love, to my Deliverance :
 And this is thy Reward ! Oh, where's your Justice,
 Heav'n ; when Virtue, that shou'd be the Charge of
 God's, must thus neglected ; thus untimely bleed ;
 And all that most deserv'd to live, must die.
 But why do I live, ye Pow'rs !
 Why gave ye us poor Lovers, one Soul,
 And not one twisted Thread of life, to break and
 Die together ? No *Venerians* ! The Gods are Partial.
 I'll mend the work of Heav'n : But can Tears mend it ?
 Tears, the *April*-shower of Girls ! No, I'll weep Blood !

Enter Nennius, with Soldiers.

Nen. Cease Madam, cease ; by your untimely fall,
 You'll add to Royal Sorrow.
 The unhappy Queen, with your much Mourning Sister,
 Are i'th' Fort, by *Roman* Pow'r's immur'd ; nothing
 Remains but Death, or an Ignoble Flight, or Bondage.

Claud. Death, *Nennius* ; Death ! Look here, then talk of Life ;
 Lead on, I'll show the way ; and in my fall,
 Be great as any *Roman* of 'em all.

Enter Bonvica and Julia.

Bonv. Where shall the wretched Off spring of *Bonducus* fly,
To escape those dismal Screams of Horror,
That fill the *Britains* Ears? Oh wretched Mother!
Unhappy Sister! More unhappy I!
Their Courage maketh' approach of Death
Seem pleasing: But I have the true fearful
Soul of Woman; and won'd not quit the World.
Julia, call *Lucius*, and bid him bring his Lute;
Fain wou'd I leave this dire consuming Melancholy.

Enter Lucius with a Lute.

Luc. I'd have the Song you taught me last.
I fear, I do resemble now the Swan,
That Sings before its Death.

Second SONG, by Miss Crofs.

O H! Lead me to some Peaceful Gloom,
Where none but sighing Lovers come.
Where the shrill Trumpets never sound,
But one Eternal Hush goes round.
There let me sooth my pleasing Pain,
And never think of War again.
What Glory can a Lover have,
To Conquer, yet be still a Slave?

After the Song, enter Messenger.

Mess. Madam, the Queen expects you on the Walls;
Your Sister with you: the *Roman* Pow'rs
Are all come down with Fury 'gainst the Castle.

Bonv.

Bonv. Then, then farewell to this World.
I see, I see my Fate direct before me ;
My Mothers Fury greater than the *Romans*,
Presents me Death in a thousand various forms.
Oh all ye *Britain* Powers ! Oh great *Andate*,
Pity my Youth ! Oh Mercy ! Mercy ! Mercy !

[*Exit.*

Appear Bonduca, Claudia, Nennius and Bonvica above.

Bond. Now *Claudia*, now *Bonvica*, O my Children !
Is the time come to shew your constant Valours ?
Think not, my Girls, we will be Slaves to *Rome* ;
No, we will shew these Lords o'th' World, these *Romans*,
How they shou'd die with Honour : Hark !
They come, since we must fall, fall bravely.

Enter Suetonius, Junius, Decius, Demetrius, Curius and Soldiers.

Suet. Bring up the Catapults, and shake the Walls ;
We will not be out-brav'd thus.

Bond. Shake the Earth ;
You cannot shake our Souls : Bring up your Rams,
And with their Armed Heads make the Fort totter.
You do but rock us into Death.

Dec. Yield Noble Queen.

Bond. I'm unacquainted with that Language, *Romans*.

Suet. Yield Honour'd Lady, and expect our Mercy ;
We love thy Nobleness.

[*Exit Decius.*

Bond. I thank ye, you say well,
But Mercy and Love, are sins in *Rome* and Hell.

Suet. You cannot scape our Strength, you must
Yield, Lady, you must adore, and fear the Power of *Rome*.

Bond. If *Rome* be Earthly, why shou'd any Knee
With Bending Adoration Worship her ?
She's Vicious, and your partial selves confess,
Aspires the height of all Impiety ;
Therefore 'tis fitter I shou'd Réverence
The Thatcht Houses where the *Britains* dwell
In careless Mirth ; where the best Household Gods
See nought but chaste and simple Purity,
'Tis not high Pow'r that makes a place Divine ;

But sacred Thoughts in holy Bosoms stor'd,
Make People Noble and the place Ador'd.

[Exit Decius.

Suet. Beat the Wall deeper.

Bond. Beat it to the Center,
We will not sink one Thought.

Bond. O Mother! These are fearful Hours: Speak gently
To these fierce Men, they will afford us pity,

Bond. Pity thou fearful Girl? 'Tis for those Wretches
That Misery makes tame: Would'st thou live less?
Wast thou not Born a Princess? Can my Blood
And thy brave Father's Spirit, suffer in thee
So base a Separation from thy self,
As Mercy from these Tyrants?
Say they had Mercy.

The Devil! A Relenting Conscience!
The Lives of Kings rest in their Diadems,
Which to their Bodies, lively Souls do give,
And ceasing to be Kings, they cease to Live.

Enter Decius.

Decius. There's a Breach made, is it your Will
We Charge, Sir?

Suet. Once more Mercy, Mercy to all that yield.

Bond. Hear me, mark me well, and look upon me
Directly in my Face, my Womans Face,
Whose only Beauty, is the hate it bears you.
See with thy narrowest Eyes, thy sharpest Wishes
Into my Soul, and see what there inhabits;
See if one fear, one shadow of a terrour,
One paleness dare appear, but from my Anger,
To lay hold on your Mercies. No, ye Fools,
Poor Fortune's Fools, we were not born for Triumphs
To follow your gay sports, and fill your Slaves
With Hoots and acclamations.

Put. Brave Behaviour!

Claud. The Children of as great as Rome; as Noble
Our Names before her, and her Deeds our Envy;
Must we gild o're your Conquest, make your State
That is not fairly strong but fortunate.
No, no, ye Romans, we have ways to scape you
To make you poor again, indeed our Prisoners,
And stick our Triumphs full.

Bond.

Bond. D'ye wonder we'll make our Monuments
In spight of Fortune, in spight of all
Your Eagles Wings ? We'll work a pitch above ye.

Suet. *Decius*, go Charge the Breach.

Bond. Stick in thy Body, and make it good but half an hour.

Nenn. I'll do't.

Claud. And then be sure to Die.

Nenn. It shall go hard else.

Bond. Farewel, brave *Nennius*, we shall meet yonder,
Where few of those must come.

[Exit.

Bring up the Poison.

Bonv. O my Fortune !

Bond. Hah ! What said you ?

Bonv. Good Mother, nothing to offend you.

Bond. Here, Girl : behold us, *Romans*.

Suet. Mercy yet.

Bond. No Talking, come, short Prayers, and let's dispatch
The Business. You begin, shrink not.
I'll see you do't.

Bonv. O Gentle Mother !

O *Romans* ! O my Heart ! I dare not.

Suet. Woman ! Woman ! Unnatural Woman !

Bonv. O ! perswade her *Romans* : Alas I am Young,
And wou'd Live, Noble Mother. Can you kill
That you gave Life to ? Are my Years
Fit for Destruction ?

Suet. Yield, and be a Queen still, a Mother and a Friend.

Bond. Ye talk in vain, come Drink it.

Claud. Fie, Sister, fie ! What wou'd you live to be ?

Bonv. Mercy. O Mercy !

Suet. Hear her, thou wretched Woman.

Bonv. Mercy, Mother ! O whither will ye send me ?

I was once your Darling. Your Delight.

Bond. O Gods ! Fear in my Family ? Do it, and Nobly.

Bonv. O ! Do not frown then.

Claud. Do it, Worthy Sister.

'Tis nothing ; 'tis but a Pleasure ; we'll go with you.

Bonv. O ! If I knew but whither !

Claud. To the Bless'd above, where we shall meet our Father,
Where nothing but true Joy is.

Bonv. O ! Comfort me still for Heavens sake.

Claud. No Wars, no Lustful Slaves to Ravish us.

Bonv. That steals me along ; farewell to this World.

[Drinks.

Isht.

Bond. That's my Good Girl.

Claud. The next is mine.

Show me a *Roman* Lady in all your Stories
Dare do this for her Honour?

Bond. Make haste.

Claud. I will. Wou'd you learn how to Die bravely, *Romans* ;
To fling off this Case of Flesh, lose all your Cares
For ever, hunt Honour and not Nations with your Sword :
Keep your Minds humble, your Devotions high,
So shall you learn the Noblest part, to Die.

[Dies.

Bond. I come, my Noble Children, here,
Here's the Draught wou'd ask no less than *Caesar's* self
To pledge it for the Glories sake.

Suet. Madam, make up your own Conditions.

Bond. So we will.

Suet. Stay, be any thing.

Bond. A Saint, *Suetonius*, when thou shalt fear and Die
Like a Slave ; ye Fools, you shou'd have ty'd
Up Death first when ye Conquered.
You sweat for us in vain else, see him here,
He's ours still, and our Friend Laughs at your Pities ;
And we command him with as easie Reins
As do our Enemies. I feel the Poison.
Poor Vanquish'd *Romans*, with what matchless
Tortures cou'd I now Rack you, but I pity ye,
Desiring to Die quiet ; nay, so much
I hate to prosecute my Victory,
That I will give you Counsel e're I Die,
If you will keep your Laws and Empire whole,
Place in your *Romans* Flesh, a *British* Soul.

[Dies.

Suet. Desperate and Strange !

Give her fair Funeral, she was Noble, and a Queen.

Petilius haste, draw out three Companies,
And make up instantly to *Caratach*.

What means this Ceremony ?

Pet. The Body of Young *Junius*, that was
Slain in the last Battle.

Suet. Go then *Petilius*, do as I commanded.
After due Ceremony done to th' Dead,
The Noble Dead, we'll follow you.

[Exeunt.

Enter

Enter Caratach upon a Rock, and Hengo by him Sleeping.

Cara. Thus we Afflicted *Britains* climb for Safeties,
And to avoid our Dangers seek Destructions.

Thus we awake to Sorrows, O thou Woman!

Thou Agent for Adversities! What Curses

This Day belong to thy Improvidence?

To *Britains*, by thy means? What sad Millions

Of Widows weeping Eyes? The Strong Man's Valour

Thou hast betray'd to Fury; the Childs Fortune

To fear and want of Friends, whose Pieties

Might wipe his Mournings off, and build his Sorrows

A House of Rest by his Blest Ancestors.

The Virgins thou hast robb'd of all their Wishes,

Blasted their blowing hopes, turn'd their Songs,

Their Mirthful Marriage Songs, to Funerals,

The Land thou hast left a Wilderness of Wretches.

The Boy begins to stir, thy fancy made,

Wou'd my Soul were in Heaven.

Heng. O Noble Uncle! Look out, I dreamt we were betray'd.

Cara. No harm Boy, 'tis but thy Emptiness, that breeds
These Fancies, thou shalt have Meat anon.

Hen. A little, Uncle, and I shall hold out bravely.

Enter Macer and Soldiers with Meat and a Bottle.

Macer. Hang it o'th' side o'th' Rock, as tho' the *Britains*
Stole hither to Relieve him: who first ventures

To fetch it off is ours; I cannot see him,

He lies close in a hole above, I know it,

Gnawing upon his Anger: Ha! No, 'tis not he.

1 Sol. 'Tis but the shaking of the Boughs.

Macer. Plague shake 'em, I'm sure they shake me soundly.
There.

1 Sol. 'Tis nothing.

Macer. Make no noise, if he stir, a deadly Tempest
Of huge Stones fall upon us: 'Tis done, close, close.

Cara Sleep still, sleep sweetly Child, 'tis all thou feed'st on;
No Gentle *Britain* near, no Valiant Charity
To bring thee Food; poor Knave thou art Sick,
Extream Sick, almost grown wild for Meat,

And yet thy Goodness will not confess, nor show it ;
 All the Woods are double join'd with Soldiers,
 No way left us to make a Noble Escape ;
 I'll sit down by thee, and when thou wak'st,
 Either get Meat to save thee, or lose my Life
 P'th' Purchase: Good Gods comfort thee, Ha !
 Courage my Boy, I have found Meat ; look *Hengo*,
 Where some blessed *Britain* to preserve thee,
 Has hung a little Food and Drink : Cheer up Boy,
 Do not forsake me now.

Heng. O Uncle ! Uncle ! I feel I cannot stay long,
 Yet I'll fetch it to keep your Noble Life.
 Uncle I am heart-whole, and wou'd live.

Cara. Thou sha't long, I hope.

Heng. But my Head, Uncle !
 Methinks the Rock goes round.
 Don't you hear the noise of Bells ?

Cara. Of Bells Boy ! 'Tis thy fancy.
 Alas, thy Body's full of Wind.

Heng. Methinks, Sir, they ring a staid Knell,
 A Preparation to some near Funeral of State.
 Nay, weep not, my own sweet Uncle,
 You will kill me sooner.

Cara. O my poor Chicken !

Heng. Fie, faint-hearted Uncle !
 Come tie me in your Belt, and let me down.

Cara. I'll go my self, Boy.

Heng. No, as you love me, Uncle.
 I will not eat if I do not fetch it,
 The danger only I desire, pray tie me.

Cara. I will, and all my Care hang over thee ;
 Come Child, my Valiant Child.

Heng. Let me down apace, Uncle,
 And you shall see how like a Daw I'll whip it
 From all their Policies ; for 'tis most certain
 A *Roman* Train, and you must hold me sure too,
 You'll spoil all else ; when I have got it Uncle,
 We'll be as merry —

Cara. Go i'th' Name of Heaven, Boy.

Heng. Quick, quick Uncle, I have it. Oh !

Cara. What ail'st thou ?

Heng. O my best Uncle, I am slain !

Cara. I see ye, and Heaven direct my Hand.
 Destruction go with thy Coward Soul.
 How do'st thou Boy ? O Villain ! Villain ! Villain !

Heng.

Heng. O Uncle, Uncle! How it pricks me!
Am I preserv'd for this? Extreemly pricks me.

Cara. Coward, Rascal, Coward, Dogseat thy Flesh.

Heng. O! I bleed hard, I faint too upon't.
How sick I am; the Lean Rogue, Uncle —

Cara. Look Boy, I have laid him sure enough.

Heng. Have ye knockt his Brains out?

Cara. I warrant thee, from stirring more;
Chear up Child.

Heng. Hold my Sides hard, stop, stop, O wretched Fortune!
Must we part thus? Still I grow sicker, Uncle.

Cara. Heaven look upon this Noble Child!

Heng. I once hoped
I thou'd have liv'd to have met these bloody *Romans*
At my Swords point, to have Reveng'd my Father's,
To have beaten 'em. O hold me hard Uncle —

Cara. Thou sha't live still I hope, Boy.

Heng. I wou'd live a little longer;
Spare me Heavens, but only to thank you
For your tender Love. Good Uncle,
Good Noble Uncle weep not.

Cara. O my Chicken! My Dear Boy! What shall I loose —

Hen. Why a Child that must have Dy'd however,
Had this escaped me, Feaver, or Famine:
I was Born to Die, Sir.

Cara. But thus unblown, my Boy.

Hen. I shall go the streighter my Journey to the Gods:
Sure I shall know when you come, Uncle?

Cara. Yes, Boy.

Heng. And I hope we shall enjoy together
That Great Blessedness you told me of?

Cara. Most certain, Child.

Heng. I grow Cold, my Eyes are going.

Cara. Lift 'em up.

Heng. Pray for me, and, Noble Uncle, when my
Bones are Ashes, think of your little Nephew. Mercy.

Cara. Mercy, you Blessed Angels take him.

Heng. Kifs me, so farewell, farewell.

[Dies

Cara. Farewel the Hopes of *Britain*,
Thou Royal Graft, farewell, farewell:
Time, and Death, you have done your worst.
Fortune, now see, now proudly pluck off this Veil
And view thy Triumph: Look, look
What thou hast brought this Land to;

O Fair Flower ! How lovely yet thy Ruins show !
 How sweetly, even Death embraces thee.
 The Peace of Heav'n ; the Fellowship of all
 Great Souls be with thee.

Enter Suetonius, Petilius, with Roman Soldiers.

Suet. Yield thee, bold *Caratach* ; by all the Gods, I swear,
 As I'm a Soldier, as I envy thee,
 I'll use thee like thy self, th' Valliant *Britain*.

Petil. Brave Soldier, yield :
 Thou Stock of Arms and Honour !
 Thou filler of the World with Fame and Glory !

Suet. Excellent *Britain*, do me but that honour ;
 That more to me than Conquest, that true happiness
 To be my Friend.

Car. O *Romans* ! See what here is ! A Boy liv'd ! ———

Suet. For Fame's sake, for thy Sworn Enemy's sake ;
 As thou desir'st to hold thy Virtue ———

Car. No *Roman* ! No ! I swear to my Soul :
 A Soul too great for Slavery. ——— Boy !
 My dear lov'd *Hengo* ! From thy Breast took down !
 Behold the last of thy great Race remaining !
Suetonius, view this little Cashmere,
 By *Roman* Rapine Robb'd of all his Wealth.
 A fair rich Soul, that Precious Royal Gem,
 By Fate's too Barbarous Hand, untimely snatcht !
 These Tears I sacrifice to thee, my Boy !
 But to my Queen, and my unhappy Country,
 This richer Purple Stream, my Blood I give.

Suet. O thou too envy'd Miracles of Worth !
 What hast thou done ? Was *Rome*, too poor a Mistress,
 To Wed thee to her Arms ? Not one Charm
 In all her Courting Smiles, and Proffer'd Lawrels ?

C. v. *Rome*, Sir, ah, no ! She bids a Price too small,
 To Bribe me into Life : my bleeding Country
 Calls me to Noble Wreaths ; and in her Fall,
 To mount a Star in *Albion's* long, long Night :
 And when her *Caratach* dies in such a Cause,
 A *British* Tomb, outshines a *Roman* Triumph.

Suet. Prodigious Virtue !

Car. Out-live my Country's Liberty !
 Shall *Caratach* dare but to think that Thought ?
 Now *Britain* is all yours ; but as my Blood,

The Tragedy of BONDUCA.

53

From this small Fountain flows, grant me one Favour :
Lay this Young *British* Rose, Cropt in the Bud,
Close by my side ; and since the World's your own,
Spare us but Earth enough to cover o'er
These small Remains, and I shall ask no more.

[Dies.

See! *Thou* Hollow'd Relick ! *Thou* Rich Diamond !
Cut with thy own Dust ! *Thou*, for whose wide Fame,
The World appears too narrow all Man's thought,
Had they all Tongues too silent ! Thus I bow
To thy most Honoured Ashes, tho' an Enemy,
Yet Friend to all thy Worths : Sleep peaceably.
Happiness Crown thy Soul, and in thy Earth
Some Lawrel fix his Seat ; there grow and Flourish :
And make thy Grave an Everlasting Triumph
Farewel all Glorious Wars, now thou art gone.
All Noble Battels !
Maintain'd in Thirst of Honour, and not of Blood.
Farewel for ever. Now if you please,
Bear off the Noble Burden ; build a Pile
High as *Olimpus*, that may make Heaven wonder,
To see a Star on Earth, our *Queen* lie
O'er Lov'd, and ever *Lov'd* :
Thy Honour'd, and most Sacred Memory !

EPILOGUE,

EPILOGUE

Spoken by Miss. *DENNY CHOCK*,
But Six Years Old.

WELL, now to speak a Good Word for
the Play,

Dear Gallants, but alas, I say?

I am too Young for your Loves to pray.

When we ask Favours, Naughty Men, from you,

We must be Old enough to grant 'em too.

Old! Pray how Old! O Yes, our Cupid's Dart,

Must first be Feather'd, ere we shoot at Hearts;

But these weak Eyes, too feeble Charms; 'tist true,

You may look Babies there, but that won't do;

We must be able to make Babies too.

Who knows what Charms I have? I hear

A Gentle Story whisper'd in your Ear,

Has that strange power, nay, Sirs, if that will get ye,

You'll find that I can prattle very pretty,

You heard me t'other Day in Young Queen Betty.

Such

*Such Honey-words, such dear soft words I'll call,
Say such fine things, if saying will do all:
Ah no, the soft white Birds that sing to you,
Must be grown up to Bill as well as Cooe,
And I'm too small to win your Hearts that way,
But tho' I'm yet too Young for Turtles play,
By your warm Suns a Blooming Flower I'll grow,
And keep my Rose-bud, for your Smiles to Blow.*

F I N I S

A Catalogue of some Plays Printed for J. Baskin,
in Ruffel-street in Covent-Garden.

B *Beaumont and Fletcher's Plays:* In
 all 41. in large Fol.

Mr. *Shakspeare's Plays:* In one large
 Fol. Volume, containing 43 Plays.

Mr. *Nabaniel Lee's Plays:* In one
 Volume.

Mr. *Ormsby's Plays:* In one Volume.

Mr. *Shadwell's Plays:* In one Volume.

Mr. *Dryden's Plays:* In two Volumes.

His other Poems: One Volume more.

A.

1 All mistaken, or the mad Couple.

2 *Alexander the Great.*

3 *Andromache.*

4 Ambitious Statesman, or the Loy-
 al Favourite.

5 Virtue Betray'd, or *Anna Bullen.*

6 *Abdicator, or the Moor's Revenge.*

7 *American Prince.*

8 Amours for Ladies.

9 *Albion.*

10 *Amoyus, a Tragedy.*

11 All for Love, or the World well
 lost.

12 *Aurimach, or the Great Mogul.*

13 Assignment, or Love in a Nunnery.

B.

14 *Beau of Alva.*

15 *Byron's Conspiracy, 1st. Part.*

16 *Byron's Conspiracy, 2d. Part.*

17 *Beodisti, or the Lady in distress.*

18 *Buffy & Ambros.*

C.

19 *Cambyses King of Persia, a Tragedy.*

20 *Chimene, a Comedy, altered by the
 Duke of Buckingham.*

21 *Cleopatra, or the Spartan Heroe.*

22 *Cesar Borgia.*

23 Country Wit.

24 *Calisto, or the Chast Nymph.*

25 Country Wife.

26 *Cassius.*

27 *Cassius.*

28 *Cassius, or the Women.*

29 *Cassius.*

30 *Cassius.*

31 *Darius King of Persia, a Tragedy.*

32 *Darius King of Persia, a Tragedy.*

33 *Darius King of Persia, a Tragedy.*

34 *Darius King of Persia, a Tragedy.*

35 *Darius King of Persia, a Tragedy.*

36 *Darius King of Persia, a Tragedy.*

37 *Darius King of Persia, a Tragedy.*

38 *Darius King of Persia, a Tragedy.*

39 *Darius King of Persia, a Tragedy.*

40 *Darius King of Persia, a Tragedy.*

41 *Editha, or the Un-
 happy Favourite.*

42 *Empress of Morocco.*

43 *Exting Love, or, Mock Astro-
 loger.*

F.

44 *Foed Marriage, or the Jealous
 Bridegroom.*

45 *The Good Husband, or, Plotting
 Sillies.*

46 *Fool turn'd Critick.*

47 *The Fatal Wager.*

48 *Fatal Jealousie.*

49 *Fife Count.*

G.

50 *Gentleman Dancing Master.*

51 *Generous Enemies, or the Redi-
 culous Lovers.*

52 *Gloria, or the Court of Augu-
 stus Caesar.*

53 *Grateful Servant.*

DISMISS'D OPER A

CALL'D,

Brutus of Alba:

OR,

Augusta's Triumph.

As it is ACTED

At the THEATRE, in *Dorset-Garden*,
By His Majesty's Servants.

L O N D O N :

Printed by *W. Onley*, for *Sam. Briscoe*, at the Corner of *Charles-street*, near *Russel-street*, *Covent-garden*. MDC XC VII.

Having received very large Encouragement already, from several Persons of Honour and Quality, there will speedily be Publish'd, *A Second Volume of Familiar Letters*, written by the late Lord *Rochester*, the Duke of *Buckingham*, and Sir *George Etherege*. If any Gentlemen are willing to Oblige the Publick with any Letters of those Honourable Persons, they are desir'd to send them to *Sam. Briscoe*, in *Covent-Garden*, who will Print them in the next Volume.